

THE
VOLUNTARY EXILE,

IN FIVE VOLUMES,

BY MRS. PARSONS,
AUTHOR OF LUCY, &c. &c.

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CHAP. I.

THUS died an amiable woman, whose extreme sensibility, wounded by the shocking catastrophe of the fire, and weakened by subsequent events that had preyed upon her spirits, was unable to sustain the sudden developement of an affair, that, however painful and mortifying, had she been in better health, she might have struggled with,

and borne with patience, supported by hope ; for, alas ! too common are such crimes authorized by fashion, under the name of gallantry, that destroy domestic peace, and terminate in ruin and destruction !

Vain would be any attempt to delineate the distress, the horror, that affected Mr. Biddulph when he saw that *all was over* ! — The physician, the attendants, forced him out of the room ; the former accompanied him, not to divert his grief, but to let him indulge it freely ; nor did he once break in upon a sorrow so sacred until the first violence was exhausted, and, though deep, it became less turbulent. He then sought gently to pour in the balm of consolation, alas ! how vain to a self-convicted mind. The first moment he could arrange his ideas, he said to the humane gentleman, “ If you wish to preserve me from distraction, let me be removed to the farm, let the precious remains of my dear injured —.” He trembled, unable to add another word.

“ I

"I understand you, Sir (said the physician) my chariot shall convey you there, and I will take care of every thing else."

"You will then be a friend (cried Bidulph, wildly.) You will take me from this horrid house. Would to Heaven I had never seen it. The dear angel had a presentiment. *She* was unwilling. I urged, I forced her to come, and I have destroyed her!"

Here he fell into such a paroxysm of grief, that it was some time ere he could be recovered. The first moment was taken an advantage of to hurry him down stairs, place him in the chariot, and drive to the farm. When he arrived, and the good people appeared, he jumped from the carriage: "My wife is dead! my wife is dead! (exclaimed he) and I have killed her!"

The farmer and his wife, who took his words in a literal sense, were frightened almost out of their wits as he ran into the house.

The physician, however, undeceived them, as to the manner of her death, and imputed his words to the frenzy of the moment. He entreated their care of him, and added, "that though almost a stranger, he found himself so interested for Mr. Biddulph, that he would charge himself with getting things proper to remove the body as soon as possible."

The good people blessed him for his humanity, and followed the unhappy man to the apartment he had flown to, where they found him fainted away on the floor. It was some time before he was recovered, and with more difficulty that he was got into bed; the mistress of the house remained to watch by him during the night.

The physician returned to the grove, and desired permission to wait on its owners. — After some delay, he was admitted to my Lord, who was really more affected at this event than ever he had been in his whole life, and reproached himself with heart-felt
grief

grief and remorse for his share in this unhappy business. His distress was so very obvious, that the physician found it difficult to enter upon his errand: However, he was freed from his embarrassment by Lord Burley himself, who having been informed, by the housekeeper, of Mr. Biddulph's departure with him, asked the doctor, "how he had left that unfortunate man?"

"Unfortunate indeed!" repeated the physician; "Within six weeks his house and property destroyed without being insured; his child perished in the flames; and now surviving, his only hope of future comfort, an amiable and virtuous wife, whose delicate sensibility proved too powerful, acting as it did, upon her enfeebled constitution! Poor man! I left him truly unhappy; it is his request that the body of the dear departed may be conveyed to the farmer's, when a shell can be got ready for that purpose; an arrangement that must certainly be desirable

to your Lordship, and therefore I hastened to let you know it."

" Doctor (replied he, putting his hand on the physician's shoulder) you know not how deeply I am afflicted at this event, an event, I fear, accelerated, if not brought on, by particular circumstances in my family : I reproach myself for a conversation that insulted her feelings, and it shall be an awful lesson to me in future. Could half of my fortune restore her to life, I would sacrifice it with pleasure ; and for Biddulph, poor fellow ! I pity him : I will do more, I will assist him against his will. Command every thing that you wish for in this house, Sir, that is proper. I tell you again, I am very unhappy, and that henceforth I shall take a new course. I have not seen my Lady ; go to her ; she has equal cause to reproach herself."

Of what mixed qualities is the mind of man composed ! Lord Burley, who, if he had succeeded in seducing the late Mrs. Biddulph

dulph from virtue and her husband, and had, in consequence of the seduction, led her gradually to the extremity of vice, which must have ruined her *worldly* prospects, and have rendered those of *hereafter* doubtful. Had he brought her to this dreadful situation, in all probability he would have felt neither remorse nor sorrow, because such things are not novelties, and because fashion warrants a man of gallantry to push his advantages as far as he can. But here the intended victim had escaped pollution, grief, and a sense of injury, had caused a premature death, and now he felt compunction and real sorrow! Would I could say so much for Lady Burley. Alas! daily experience too plainly evinces the shameful truth, that when once a woman out-steps the bounds of modesty, when she can violate her nuptial vows, how difficult to restrain her passions! What frightful lengths does vice plunge and urge her headlong into! crimes, which in early life she would shudder at the name of, are grown, by a gradation of vice, familiar to her ideas, she stops

at nothing, the most unbounded licentiousness prevails, and a breach of chastity is her least of crimes! But let us hope women, so truly depraved, are not *very common*; let us flatter ourselves that poets and modern writers are fond of hyperbole and exaggerations; they love to calumniate, and but too often are both the tempters and accusers. Lady Burley, however, was a character to justify their utmost severity; grown bold in vice, she was callous to every feeling of sorrow, or remorse. To her Mrs. Biddulph's death was only a subject for ridicule—"a poor, insipid, love-lorn creature, not fit to enjoy life, and being reduced to poverty, broke her heart for very vexation!"

Such were the remarks she made to her woman, when informed of the melancholy catastrophe, the consequence of *her* shameless irregularities; and when told that Biddulph had left the house, *he* also came in for his share of epithets; a poor, mean, spiritless devil! What had he to do, to go and
howl

howl over his deary for ——? but he would soon be glad to return, and he might be assured she should ridicule him to death for his fine feelings. Her woman, though no stranger to her Lady's character, and as it may be supposed not over scrupulous, was nevertheless so shocked at the late event, and so scandalized at Lady Burley's want of common decency and humanity, that she left the room muttering, "A devil! and not a woman, I am sure!"

When the physician sent in his name, she refused to see him. "Tell him (said she) I want none of his dismals, nor any of his assistance; but if he is Biddulph's friend, he will persuade him to return here."

This message, delivered verbatim by a chambermaid, inspired the doctor with rage and contempt for the unworthy sender of it.

He left the grove, and taking the necessary measures, the very next morning the body

was removed to the farmer's. To the great satisfaction of these worthy people, Mr. Biddulph grew more composed, his grief was no longer loud nor violent; but it was deep, it was heart-felt, and he enjoyed it. He desired the good Mr. Barrow might be written to, and the day previous to the one intended for the funeral, that Gentleman arrived at the farm. He had been most exceedingly shocked at the intelligence of this additional and heavy misfortune, and had much difficulty to persuade his wife from accompanying him, to see the remains of their amiable relation once more; but his remonstrances prevailed, and he came alone. The meeting between him and Biddulph was truly affecting, and great was his astonishment, when, in the agony of sorrow, the latter confessed all his errors. The scene that passed between Lord Burley and his wife he knew nothing of, but from her imperfect ravings; nor did he know by what means she had suspicion or knowledge of his connexion with *Lady Burley*.

Mr.

Mr. Barrow, however, though surprised and much grieved, sought to pour the balm of consolation into his mind, and would not suffer him to indulge the idea of having destroyed his wife : He persuaded him to return with him to the parsonage for a time, till he had fixed on some future plan, and he being indifferent what became of himself, consented. The day that for ever, in this world, buried his Eliza from his sight was most terrible to himself and friends ; they respected his sorrows, and for that day permitted him the indulgence of them unmolested ; but the following one they were obliged to consult him on necessary business. Every thing that had belonged to his wife (except her watch, and other valuable trinkets designed for Mrs. Barrow) he gave to the farmer's wife. He also handsomely rewarded their kindness by other acts of generosity. The friendly physician was not forgotten. In the midst of these melancholy employments he was struck with inconceivable surprise, at a letter delivered to him "from Lady Burley." He

trembled with rage and indignation, and, without opening it, enclosed it in a cover, with only these words: "Contagion is in the touch of every thing polluted by you, Circe! You have murdered my peace for ever. I go where I shall never see, never hear, of you more. Repent, amend your life, and feel remorse as I do." Having delivered this to the messenger, who had likewise invited him to the grove in my Lord's name, "Tell your Lord (said he) that tomorrow I shall quit this country for ever!"

CHAP.

C H A P. II.

THE servant returned to the grove with this answer, and my Lady's letter, which she had no sooner seen, and read the lines in the envelope, than she flew into a rage little short of madness, and every creature in the house suffered in some shape for her vexation and disappointment. She was scarcely brought to any degree of calmness before she was informed Mrs. Westcote was at the gate, and begged of all things to speak with her Ladyship, "on the most shocking, monstrous affair in the world!"

"What

“What can the silly, vulgar wretch mean?” cried she; “but let her come up.” In a moment in bounced Mrs. Westcote, with a colour in her face that out-vied her cherry-coloured silk.

“O, my Lady, would you think it, would you believe it, that my daughter, Miss Augusta Matilda, O that ever I should live to see the day! ——”

“Pray, Madam, explain yourself (said her Ladyship, *a little* impatiently.) What of Miss Augusta?”

“O dear, my Lady, she is gone, runned away like that Miss Stevens, on an exposition to Scotland. Gone to be married by a blacksmith. O Lord! I shall go mad. *She* that might have married at the church, where all great fortunes are married; *she* to go for to be joined by a blacksmith that shoes horses.”

“But

“ But pray, Ma’am (asked Lady Burley, who now began to find amusement in a tale of scandal) with whom is Miss Augusta Matilda gone ?”

“ Lord ! my Lady, why, with that Sir William you feed at my house ; but no, he is no Sir William neither, no title at all, my Lady that is the provokingest thing of the whole. She ought to have been a Countess, and now I shall be mother to a plain mistress after all.”

“ Dear Mrs. Westcote, be so good as to tell me the whole affair in order.”

“ Why, then, my Lady, you know he came, well, he came every day ; and so, as I thought, he was a Baronet, and could make her a Lady, I didn’t much mind, tho’ to be sure with her money she ought, and might have been a Countess. So, as I was saying he came every day, and so I said to her, says I, if this Sir William thinks to
marry

marry you, he must speak to Mr. Drybear, (that, my Lady, is her t'other guardian with me) and let us know his estate, and we must talk about settlements and such things. O, says she, 'tis time enough for that,' and so I said no more. You know I only did my duty, and so, if you'll believe me, yesterday, whilst I went into the village to speak with lawyer Stevens (O hang *his girl*, for *that* put it into her head, I believes) so while I went to talk to him about a trespass, did that wicked fellow come, and made a greater trespass, and carried her clean off, and I didn't know it till last night, for she left word she was gone a visiting, and should not be home till evening (O what a story) and so last night comes a letter, to tell me she was gone on the same matrimonical business as Sal Stevens did; and so my housekeeper told me this morning, that she heard Sir William was no Sir William after all, but his younger brother, without any estate to settle on her; so here's a shocking piece of business. What's to be done, my Lady?"

"Upon

“ Upon my word (answered Lady Burley) it is an unlucky affair; but 'tis well *he is* a brother to Sir William. He might have been an impostor, and of no family at all.”

“ Why, to be sure that's very true, my Lady, and to be sure she has money enough to buy him a title, and I can give her more if I please.”

“ If so, Madam (said her Ladyship) you had best to make yourself easy, and wait till they return, and see what can be done.”

“ Well then, and to be sure and so I must, and I am obliged to your Ladyship for your advice; but I dares say old Drybear will be as mad as the devil, and I dares say won't give up a farthing; but then as to that there matter they can live with me, and so I shall see if we can't get a title for the young man, and I'll have them married over again at Hanover-Square, for I can't endure the thoughts

thoughts of their being married by a horseshoemaker.

" You will do very right in *that* (replied Lady Burley;) it is always customary to have a second marriage. Yes, they say Sal Stevens is now in London with *her* young 'squire, and has been married again, a slut! I daresay 'twas her figary put it into my child's head. O Lord! but now I think on't, your Ladyship has had sad work too; that poor creature Mrs. Biddulph died very suddenly."

" Yes (answered her Ladyship) 'twas a fever, I think, took her the very night we left your house."

" Aye, I thought she was very ill then; 'twas a poor peaking thing, and no great loss. My daughter, Miss Augusta, called her a stupid mope, and so to be sure she's not much missed; but her husband was a good clever fellow; where is he, my Lady?"

" Oh!

“ Oh ! don't name him, my dear Mrs. Westcote ; he is the most ungrateful fellow in the world, and has used my Lord and me extremely ill. Dear me ! well that comes of being charitable, and taking in folks when they have neither house nor home, then they grow faucy, and I remember she that's dead told me ‘ *she* wanted none of my Lord's favours ;’ so I thinks, my Lady, you are well rid of them, for as they were got poor, and proud too, though I wonder for what ! you might have been plagued with them. Lady Burley wishing to drop the conversation, the subject of which gave her no pleasure, invited her to stay dinner, which the other accepted, with a thousand apologies for her dress, and which her Ladyship assured her was exceedingly handsome ; for in truth she only wanted to divert her chagrin, and amuse herself for the present at her expence, otherwise the Lady, and her dress too, would have been beneath her notice.”

We

We shall now return to Mr. Biddulph, who taking an affectionate leave of the farmer and his wife, and having stolen an hour to weep over the grave of his much-lamented wife, set off with Mr. Barrow for his house. Passing the ruins of his own, he felt congealed with horror. "My God! (cried he, clasping his hands together) in the space of two short months, what misery and destruction! What never-ending sorrow! Oh! Mr. Barrow, think what I suffer, and pity me. Pity me, for misery and self-reproach must embitter every future hour that I exist!"

"To remember your errors so forcibly, as to preclude a possibility of future deviations from rectitude (replied Mr. Barrow) is certainly commendable; but we must not indulge unjustifiable grief that may grow into melancholy and misanthropy; by active virtue, by relieving the wretched, by comforting the sick, and by the constant practice of charity and benevolence to the extent of our power and abilities, we must shew the reclaimed heart.

heart. These are the proper atonements for past irregularities or crimes : The exertions of kindness and beneficence will calm the tumults of *your* mind, and convey comfort and assistance to *others* ; they will procure you peace on earth, and smoothen your road to Heaven. Mr. Biddulph, though perfectly sensible that this good man's advice was calculated for his future welfare, as yet felt too keenly the edge of his misfortunes, and the conscious sense of his errors, to receive any consolation from future prospects, which appeared to him clouded in for ever !”

“ ’Tis ever thus

“ With *noble minds*, if chance they slide to folly :

“ Remorse stings deeper, and relentless conscience,

“ Pours more of gall into the bitter cup

“ Of their severe repentance.”

MASON.

CHAP.

C H A P. III.

ON their arrival at Stanmore, Mrs. Barrow's tears were mingled with her unhappy guests; it was to him a luxury of woe, and he enjoyed it. Mr. Barrow, tho' much grieved, endeavoured to sooth both, and they strove to restrain what they could not entirely suppress, when Mr. Biddulph retired to his apartment, once his bridal apartment, where he had spent so many happy hours with his Eliza. Alas! what terrible emotions, what painful sensations oppressed him! He passed the night without rest, and joined the family at breakfast with such pallid looks,

looks, and under such a dreadful depression of spirits, that his good friends were greatly concerned for him. To prevent his mind from dwelling entirely on one subject, Mr. Barrow entered into conversation with him respecting his affairs, and advised him to empower a solicitor to settle every thing for him, that he might know the extent of his income. In consequence of this opening, Biddulph, no longer bound by affection or delicacy towards a sister, acquainted the good man with the whole affair between him and William Biddulph, the iniquitous bond he had paid, and his subsequent difficulties.

Mr. Barrow was astonished at the infamy of the transaction; he blamed his friend exceedingly for submitting to such a base imposition: "Young and inexperienced as you were (said he) in the arts and duplicity of mankind, surely you must have seen the villany of this business, and ought to have considered in the prospect of having a family; your duty to them superseded any false delicacy.

cacy. Good Heaven! (added he) what worthless wretches must that woman and her son be! No wonder your unhappy sister sucked in the poison of such influence as led her into the paths of vice, and must terminate in wretchedness! But it is now too late for retrospection to be of any service, farther than to hold out to you a painful but necessary lesson to guard in future against the duplicity of mankind, where their principles are not established. Few young men appeared to me to have more stability than yourself; but, alas! human nature is fallible, and few are there who have not some secret avenue to the heart, which, if discovered by a base designer, may lead the unwary possessor into error. All that now can be done is, to collect the remains of your shattered fortune together. The sums in the funds, secured for a particular purpose, must now be applied to pay off the mortgages. Let your estate be cleared, and with the remainder erect a neat dwelling on the ruins of the other."

"No,

“ No (cried Biddulph, with great emotion) no, never will I erect a single stone on that detested spot, in that hated neighbourhood ! I will indeed pay off the mortgage, and whatever sums remain shall be placed in the funds ; for I cannot reside in England ; it is my settled determination to go abroad : Peace and happiness can never meet me any where ; but my thoughts may be amused, my mind improved and enlarged, and I will settle my income in such a manner as, I am sure, you must approve.”

In consequence of this unreserved communication, Mr. Barrow exerted himself to assist Mr. Biddulph in the management of his business ; the necessary attention it required amused him in the day, but his nights afforded very little rest or ease to his mind, for *there* painful remembrance obtruded and prevented sleep.

In the course of three weeks Mr. Barrow, with the assistance of an active and an honest

solicitor, completed the settlement of Mr. Biddulph's affairs. The mortgage was paid off, and every thing disposed of. Mr. Barrow accepted the stewardship of the estate, which, though lessened in value by the destruction of the house, gardens, and out-buildings, was still worth near eight hundred a year. Biddulph limited himself to three hundred, which (he said) he was confident would answer all his wants, and leave a large overplus for benevolent purposes. Two hundred a year he insisted upon Mr. Barrow's acceptance of as his steward, and because he was well assured he was also a steward for the poor and unfortunate. The remainder of his income he wished to be placed out, that it might accumulate for the purpose of building a house hereafter, either by himself, or the heir at law. Having thus prudently and justly settled his pecuniary affairs, he was very anxious to leave England, and after various plans thought on and abandoned, he determined to enter as a volunteer in Lord Cornwallis's troops, just then about to embark

bark for America. In vain did Mr. and Mrs. Barrow oppose this design, both from principle and affection; the instant he had formed it, he caught the enthusiasm of the times, and neither remonstrances or persuasions could induce him to abandon it.

Mr. Barrow, who looked with horror on a war which must cause such an effusion of blood, destroy our own countrymen, and plunge so many thousands in misery from the opposition of principles subsisting in almost every family on both sides the water. He, who in humble imitation of his Maker, "preached the Gospel of Peace," he sought every argument, judgment, justice and humanity, could suggest, to divert him from his purpose; all was fruitless; he had fixed his plan; nothing could shake him; and, oppressed with every painful sentiment that good, virtuous, and affectionate minds were capable of feeling, this worthy couple took a heart-breaking farewell, and saw him depart for Portsmouth, with streaming eyes,

and a thousand earnest wishes for his preservation, though they could not approve the cause in which he embarked.

A young man, of Mr. Biddulph's fortune, connexions, and appearance, was, no doubt, warmly received on his application to enter as a volunteer in the service. His Lordship, ever ready to observe merit, and eager to encourage it, treated him with every attention and civility he could wish for, and, within a few days after his arrival, they set sail with prosperous gales for America. He went a VOLUNTARY EXILE from his country, now become hateful to him, and perfectly indifferent as to his future destiny. —

During Mr. Biddulph's voyage, we will look back to the Grove, where we left Lord and Lady Burley, very differently impressed with the termination of their designs against the Biddulph's. His Lordship, though a man of gallantry and intrigue, in the theory and practice of which he had spent near two-thirds

thirds of his life, and in the course of which, I am sorry to say, he had seldom met with a repulse, so evidently the result of principle, as in the late Mrs. Biddulph; though he scrupled at no arts or impositions to carry his points, and looked on seduction as a very venial crime; though he could lull conscience asleep on most occasions, sanctioned by fashion and example, yet, notwithstanding his pursuit of vice, and want of principle in the observance of rectitude, he had some traits in his character, that had good company, and a fortunate connexion combined, they might, with proper management, have made him a valuable member of society. He was naturally humane and benevolent; he was no gambler, nor a bon-vivant; his predominant passions were vanity, gallantry, and an unwillingness to relinquish the power he once had but too much reason to value himself upon, that of pleasing the Ladies, and to which he had sacrificed his integrity, his time, his fortune, and his constitution. He married from the same motives that Sir John Brute

avows in the Provoked Wife, and neither his Lady's understanding nor conduct were such, as to engage his respect, or, when passion abated, to conciliate esteem; therefore, though his virtues were rather negative ones, and his vices confined to one point, a sensible, virtuous woman might have called the former into action, and by a judicious and gradual lead of his passions, by deserving his esteem, and in the excellence of *her own character only* reproaching his follies, it was at least possible, that shame, or principle, might in time have wrought the desired reformation: But Lord Burley had no such encouragement, no such inducements. His Lady early gave proofs of a licentious disposition, and readily adopted a plan of mutual toleration in vice. Happy would it be for the general good of society, if Lord and Lady Burley were singular characters!!

But to return.—When his Lordship was informed of Mrs. Biddulph's illness, and considered the agitation of her spirits, the
unaffected

unaffected disdain of his proposals, and the various changes of her countenance, from the first hints he gave relative to her husband and his wife. When all these recollections struck him, he felt seriously concerned, and apprehensive that he had, in some degree, *increased*, if not *caused*, her disorder; he was therefore extremely anxious during her short illness, and determined, on her recovery, to atone for the uneasiness he had given to a mind of so much sensibility; but when informed of her death, his sensations are not to be described. He regretted his past offence against her and virtue, that she should have died under the impression of his cruel designs upon her peace and honour, was a most painful reflection. He could see there was inhumanity, a breach of hospitality, and an unpardonable degree of cruelty in his designs towards an unfortunate, afflicted woman, whose recent distresses challenged compassion, esteem and sympathy: He shut himself up in his library for several hours deeply affected.

This event spoke volumes to his heart, and for the first time in his life he cast a serious retrospection on his past conduct. A hundred instances occurred where he had seduced innocence, destroyed the peace of families, alienated the affections of a wife from her husband, rendered the mother careless of her duties, and unworthy of the tender claims her children had upon her affection! In short, he shuddered at the pictures which painful remembrances presented to his view, and from that hour resolved to begin a new course of life; repentance subdued vanity, and rendered vice hateful. As the first step towards amendment he was anxious to serve Biddulph, and in some degree atone for the injury intended *him*, and the insults he had given to his lamented and respectable wife: For as to the connexion, which he had no doubt of, between Biddulph and Lady Burley, he was too well acquainted with *her* disposition, and the base arts she was capable of, to throw any blame on the *man*, whom he rather pitied than condemned.

When

When the servant returned with the answer Biddulph sent to his Lordship's invitation, and he found the former was going to leave the country, and disclaimed any further acquaintance with the family, my Lord was really much hurt, and being deprived of the power to atone in any shape to him, he seriously resolved to enter on a new plan, and to try what effect his declared intentions and remonstrances would have upon his Lady. In the evening, when Mrs. Westcote had left the house, Lord Burley entered his Lady's dressing-room, where she was sitting in no very pleasant humour, her recent disappointment rankling at her heart, and her spirits fatigued with Mrs. Westcote's vulgar loquacity.

After a few of the common round-a-bouts of conversation, he opened the business on which he came. He set forth, in the strongest colours, "the turpitude of their past lives, lamented *his* conduct which had, in some degree, perhaps, justified *hers*, if she could

answer it to her own heart, that a man's irregularities sanctioned a woman's imprudence ;—he told her, that the affair of the Biddulph's the melancholy catastrophe, the premature death of an amiable and unfortunate woman, whose situation and feelings ought to have interested them in her happiness. The whole of the business (he said) had left an impression on his mind never to be effaced. He took shame to himself for the part *he* had acted ; he lamented *her* share carried *still farther* ; he meant not by that implication to lessen his own faults, or magnify her's. His whole conduct, on a review, he was free to confess, had been repugnant to honour, justice and sentiment. He was now solicitous to atone for a life replete with vice and folly ; it was equally his wish and his duty to impress her with the same sentiments ; that he would not obtrude many arguments upon her ; a retrospection of past actions, the delusive pleasures they had sought to grasp, and the disappointments or satiety attending such pursuits, would, on

a

a fair investigation, evince, that it was the *semblance* only of happiness they had sought to enjoy, for that the reality could only be found in virtue."

Here his Lordship paused. She had heard him with most astonishing composure and complaisance, from which he deduced hope that a similarity of sentiment concerning a return to the paths of virtue, would be as reciprocal as the former licentious toleration between them: But when he stopped, she said, with a grave, yet an ironical air, "I flattered myself with hearing you descant much more fully on the delights which the *practice* of *virtue* affords; but it is a *new theme*, and your Lordship is not yet quite perfect in your lesson. I would advise you to study hard; *you* have no time to lose; repentance becomes your age, and the infirmities, which impede you in the road to enjoyments, becoming only in the young and handsome. My Lord, I return you my best thanks for this display of your eloquence,

and the advice you have been pleased to give me, which I shall treasure up against the time (some thirty years hence perhaps) when old age, and debility, may render it necessary *for me* to pretend to a compunction for follies I have no longer power to enjoy. Until then, neither your Lordship's eloquence, or example, will produce a reciprocity of sentiment on this head, and the utmost proofs of my complaisance to your new scheme, extends no farther, than to give your Lordship joy of your late discoveries; and to assure you, that your new pursuits, whether resulting from conviction, or imbecility, shall not be impeded by me: Former articles allow *me* to expect *the same* latitude." Accompanying these words with a look of scorn and derision, she kissed her hand, and, with a slight bow, quitted the room.

CHAP. IV.

IT is needless to enlarge on the mortification, and also vexation, that attended Lord Burley's fruitless admonitions. Conscious that, in the early part of his marriage, he had much to answer for in his own conduct, which his Lady might plead as an extenuation, if not as a justification for her's, he felt that her insolent and repulsive answer was but too justly deserved. Still solicitous, however, that her reformation should go hand-in-hand with his own, he wrote a very long and a very affecting letter to her on the subject, and requested that she would take a
week

week to consider, and reflect, without prejudice or passion, before she gave him a determinate answer. Mean time he set about an alteration in his household. His own valet, who had been assisting in all his schemes, and engaged in many unwarrantable actions for his master, he dismissed, not without giving him some future provision, and much good advice ; reproving his past complaisance, and warning him against the like servile baseness hereafter ; a good lesson to inferiors and servants, who often give up their integrity and principles to a mean and base compliance with the will of their employers, who despise the engines they make use of for their gratifications, and when they cease to be useful, dismiss them with hatred and contempt.

The Chaplain also, whose principles, we are sorry to say, no ways accorded with his sacred profession, and who was what we generally call a beau parson, whose time had been devoted to the service of my Lady, when no object more agreeable had engaged her

her attention, who had flattered my Lord in all his foibles, and turned aside without chusing to notice his irregularities; and where he could not praise, without taking too much shame to himself, wisely looking forward to his own interest, was exceedingly cautious how he presumed to blame.

This Gentleman his Lordship sent for, and in a few words told him, "He was no stranger to his real character, which was such, as not to entitle him to either his respect or esteem; he could no longer therefore retain his situation with him, as the future arrangement he intended in his household required a person whose principles should dignify his cloth, and whose practice should accord with his doctrine." With a handsome present, very little deserved, this too obliging Gentleman was requested to leave the Grove.

His Lordship then sent for the Vicar of the parish, a worthy and most respectable man; to him he apologized for the little attention

tention he had received from his family, and requested he might henceforth be honoured by his company, and improved by his conversation. He opened his heart without reserve to this Gentleman, who was pious without ostentation—*good*, without severity, or gloominess. Religion in him wore the garb of cheerfulness, tempered by discretion. He was neither formal, nor fastidious. He neither repelled confidence, nor shunned society. He loved to mix with young people, and promoted innocent mirth. He was the friend of the poor, the comforter of the afflicted, a good husband, and a truly virtuous man!

This worthy Clergyman was delighted with his visit to the Grove, from which he had expected only mortification and pain. The change so unexpected, and almost instantaneous, in his Lordship's principles, afforded him the most heart-felt pleasure. He was careful, not by unseasonable reprehensions, to make the path of reformation more difficult,

difficult, or to discourage a beginning repentance: He rather praised his present intentions, than blamed his past pursuits, and proposed a gradual alteration in his conduct, without such sudden and violent changes, as might excite wonder, and, perhaps, subject him to ridicule.

“ Let your future plans (said the good man) appear to be the effect of fixed principles, that gather strength every day. Drop your former licentious companions by degrees. Change your late routine of amusements for others, not less cheerful and pleasing, but more rational and improving. Have little concerts, balls for young people, reading societies, conversation visits, rural sports; all these, and many others, my Lord, are amusing, healthful, and improving. It is not by denying ourselves the innocent recreations of life, that we promote the service of religion; on the contrary, cheerfulness, a diversity of occupations, pleasant company, and amusements, relieve the mind, brighten our faculties,

ties, and enable us to return to retirement, and contemplation, with a double relish for serene and serious studies."

Lord Burley was delighted with the good Mr. Thornton; instead of a severe monitor, he found a mild, pleasing, and instructive companion, who would guide him gently to the paths of rectitude. He invited him the following day to his table, and introduced him to her Ladyship. She received him with a cold civility, which Mr. Thornton seemed neither to be displeased or disconcerted at. He had sometimes seen her, when he had occasionally paid his compliments to my Lord, and amused him at backgammon or chess; but as these visits were very seldom, and not for above an hour or two at a time, he knew but little of their characters or dispositions, except from common report, which was in general unfavourable to her Ladyship: He therefore affected not to notice her cold repulsive air, but entered into a diffusive and cheerful conversation,

tion, that compelled her *a little* to relax ; but she was too much dissatisfied with my Lord, his guest, and her own situation, to affect a contentment she did not feel.

His Lordship, however, persevered in his good resolutions. He saw Mr. Thornton every day ; he grew charmed with his conversation and manners ; his domestic happiness was enchanting : Mrs. Thornton, one of the most amiable of women, not handsome, not brilliant, but agreeable, polite, sensible, and affectionate. They were the counterpart of each other, and in them Lord Burley saw how lovely was virtue ! how captivating was goodness, brightened by good-humour, and guarded vivacity !

Near a week had elapsed from the time my Lord had written to his Lady ; they had met constantly at the same table, where her behaviour wore an air of cold constraint, and she always retired when the servants quitted the room. One morning she sent a message to

to his Lordship that she wished to see him in her dressing-room. He instantly attended her. When he was seated he inquired, with an affectionate look, "What were her commands?"

"To speak seriously and decisively on the subject, you recommended to my consideration (answered she) the result of which is, that I congratulate you on the pleasure your present plan seems to afford you; at *your* time of life it may be reasonable and proper; but you will please to remember, *I am a young woman*, and to seclude myself from the world, or what is tantamount, to associate only with a country parson and his wife, would be as truly ridiculous in me, as seeking that world and its pleasures, may be unbecoming in a man, whose age and infirmities *call* for retirement. I understand it is your intention, my Lord, to reside entirely henceforth in the country?"

"It

“ It is, Madam (he replied;) but I do not mean to exclude myself from reasonable amusements, or cheerful company.”

“ Reasonable amusements! (repeated she, laughing.) Sober pleasures! in the stile of Lady Grace, and I am to be the humble copier of her Ladyship’s ‘sober plan!’ No, my Lord, no, I cannot exist in the country: I am neither old nor ugly, nor is it at all necessary, because a silly woman thought fit to mope and die (which after all might have happened exactly, had we never known her) nor because the fellow, her husband, has ungratefully resisted our intended kindness, and abused our past favours; there is no kind of necessity that such events should oblige me to turn puritan, in the bloom of life, and forsake a world, which, I hope, has yet a thousand pleasures in store for me. In short, our plans of life will never coincide: I think, therefore, my Lord, we had better mutually agree to separate.”

“ No,

“ No, Madam ! (said his Lordship) I will not subject you or myself to public disgrace, by an avowed step of that kind, nor preclude you from embracing my plan hereafter. I will reside here, always reside here. You shall have the town-house and accommodations as usual, go where you please, and act, in every respect, as your own mistress. I only expect you will take care not to be publicly infamous, and let the world still think we are on good terms, and that my health obliges me to remain in the country. Whenever you are disposed to come here, these doors shall always be open to receive *you* ; but I will have no riotous companions, nor will I despair, however you may ridicule the *sobriety* of my present arrangements ; but that one day, not far distant, you may be induced to think more favourably of them, and join as readily in a plan of reformation, as we did (with shame I own it) in one of vicious dissipation.”

“ And

“ And when that time arrives, my Lord, you may expect to see me in the country again, and until that period I shall take my leave of this old mansion. I agree to enjoy the advantages you offer me, because I hate to give the dear creatures, my friends, subject for more scandal than is necessary, or to be asked a thousand kind impertinent questions, ‘ Why we have separated ? ’ I shall therefore sometimes amuse you with a detail of *my* pleasures; you may in return tell me how the reformation scheme goes on, only don’t sermonize too long. And now, my Lord, as we thoroughly understand each other, in three days I shall leave the country, and go to Bath.”

“ As you please (answered he, rising.) I wish to retire quietly, with as little observation or conjecture as possible; therefore do what you like, and remember, that, though our persons and pleasures must now be separated, you know the terms when you may be again received with joy and gratitude.”

With

With these words he left the room, more grieved than disappointed ; for, indeed, however strong his *wishes* were for her coincidence with his plan, his *hopes* were very slender, though his solicitude was great ; but he could adduce no further arguments, where the mind was inimical to reason, and turned every thing serious into ridicule.

CHAP. V.

LADY Burley, perfectly satisfied with her triumph, and not ill-pleased that her Lord still was desirous to shun an avowed separation, which might have limited her expences, and lessened her consequence, gave instant orders for the necessary preparations for her departure, in three days, with great spirit, and resumed good humour.

Whilst she was in this happy temper, Mrs. Westcote was announced, and directly admitted: "O, my Lady! my Lady! (ex-

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claimed

claimed she, sitting down, and sobbing) did you ever hear any thing so shocking ?”

“ Of what kind ?” demanded Lady Burley.
“ Kind ! Oh dear ! the most cruel, the most shockingest thing that ever was ! *Me, I*, that have been so good to her ! ——”

“ Well, but pray tell me what it is you mean,” said her Ladyship, a little impatiently.

“ To be sure I will, my Lady, Why I came on purpose ; so this here is the business. You knows Miss Augusta runned off with that false Sir William. Well, to be sure, when I seed him at Southampton, my heart misgave me. Well, my Lady, they comed back yesterday, and to be sure many mothers would have scolded like any thing ; but, like a fool, I kissed her, and told her she must be married again at Hanover-square, and then it would do ; because I cou’dn’t abide the thoughts of her being married by
such

such a low feller as a black-smith; so they laughed, and said they would; and so they persuaded me to write a letter to Mr. Drybear, saying, it was all by my consent, and that I was willing to give up all the fortune, and desiring he might do so too; and so I did, my Lady; and so then she persuades me to give her some of my jewels, and some money, and so I don't know how 'twas; but, in my mind, she made me drink too much of my own cordial, and I could not tell all about it: But this morning she said (said she) I be a going to town, to get a fine house, and see Mr. Drybear; for now I have your consent, he can't do nothing at all against keeping my fortin, for papa's will said I was to have it all, when you consented to my marriage; and so (says she). I shan't see you again. Why (says I, all aghast) to be sure then I didn't know *that*; but to be sure you must have settlements, and them sort of things, and I must go with you."

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" No,

“ No, no (says she) I shall go into quite different company. Indeed, mother, you are too literate for the people of fashion we must see; and so, if you will believe me, she had all her trunks, and cloaths, and jewels, and all that she said I gave her, though I knows hardly nothing of it, and away they all drove to London, and only said, ‘ I wish you health, ma’am,’ and that impudent feller, that Sir William, as he called himself, a rogue! When I runned after her, scolding and crying, as to be sure ’twas enough to vex a saint to be so served. If he didn’t shake his hand at me, and said, ‘ I had better go and take a drop of cordial,’ an impudent rogue, a scoundrel! O, my Lady! had it not been for your good Chaplain that was, who came for to comfort me, because my daughter was gone from me, if he had not helped me, I must have died; so here’s pretty usage for such a mother as I have been!”

“ Why, indeed, Mrs. Westcote (said Lady Burley, who had listened to this long and dismal

mal story with risibility working in every muscle of her face) indeed you have been shamefully treated, and I think your best way is to set off after them, and acquaint Mr. Drybear with the whole affair."

"Yes, my Lady, to be sure I might; but the good Chaplain has undertaken to write a letter for me; and besides, I can vex her for her undutifulness, for, my Lady, I have near ten thousand pounds in money, besides the hall, which is all my own, to give as I please, and he persuades me not to mind *her*, but please myself, and marry again, and give it all away from her; and so I will, that's a sure thing."

"O (cried her Ladyship) by all means follow the *Chaplain's* advice; you cannot be in better hands." This concurrence with her inclinations highly pleased Mrs. Westcote. She dried her tears, and after a few more exclamations at her daughter's wickedness, and abusing her husband for the hint about her

cordial, she took leave, and returned to the hall: and here we may as well conclude the history of *that* Lady, and her amiable Miss Augusta Matilda.

“The former had her sorrows soothed by the obsequious Chaplain, who, discarded from Lady Burley’s, found a more hopeful asylum at Mrs. Westcore’s. His compassion and remonstrances proved so effectual, that within ten days after the departure of her daughter, she gave her hand and fortune to one of the ‘*most sweetest, most sensiblest, and most loving men in the world,*’ and who, in a very short time after, went abroad, leaving ‘*his dearest, charming, wife*’ to reside in England on a hundred a year, whilst he revelled away in France and Italy on her four thousand, wisely reserving the ten thousand pounds as a resource when the old Lady should depart in peace, or his more needful occasions demand it.

“She,

“ She, poor soul, retired into the West of England, where she dragged on a miserable life, a proof that ‘ riches make to themselves wings and fly,’ and that people, drawn from a sphere of life to which they were born, without genius or education to give any consequence to sudden accumulated wealth, though they may excite envy, are subject to contempt, and without understanding the common modes of good-breeding, are either presuming, insolent, and despised, or meanly servile, humble, and unhappy.”

Miss Augusta Matilda, having bestowed *her* hand and fortune on a younger brother, who had long been hunting at the watering places for a rich dowager, or a love-sick heiress, had but little reason to expect more generosity than her mother had experienced; but fortunately the young man had *some* principle; he consented to have twenty thousand (out of nearly a hundred and seventy) settled upon her, and permitted her the honour to reside in his house, though he limited her expences,

and very seldom saw her. She, however, consoled herself with a party of females in a less elevated situation than herself, who conceived themselves honoured by her acquaintance, flattered her predominant passion, the vanity of little minds, and very soon brought the 'would be countess' down from her throne of greatness, to the place nature designed her for, the companion of those not higher born, nor better bred than herself.

Lady Burley, on the appointed day, took a cool and formal leave of his Lordship, and, without the least regret, turned her back on him and the Grove, rejoicing in her freedom, and not at all displeased to travel without an incumbrance; and now, having conducted her safely to Bath, where she enters with redoubled spirit into every pleasurable scheme, and leaving my Lord earnestly pursuing his new plan, and cultivating the friendship of the good Vicar and his amiable wife, it is time to follow Mr. Biddulph, &c. in his voyage to America.

CHAP.

C H A P. VI.

THE interesting countenance, the elegant manners, and the melancholy which clouded every feature, and tinged every action, giving evident tokens of a mind ill at ease, inspired every officer with respect and esteem for Mr. Biddulph; every one appeared anxious to amuse and relieve him from that oppressive sorrow which hung over him. He was grateful for their attentions, and endeavoured to conform with their wishes; but the recent melancholy events which lived in his remembrance, precluded peace, and all his exertions to appear

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cheerful,

cheerful, proved a fruitless endeavour, which was painful to himself, and affecting to others.

Within a few days after they lost sight of England, they had very bad weather; continued gales of wind, attended with constant rain and thunder storms, impeded their passage, injured the ships, which were sometimes in very great danger, and disheartened the troops, many of whom had but little inclination for the business in which they were engaged. Mr. Biddulph, unappalled amidst the war of elements, insensible of fear, and careless of danger, had one night fixed himself on the deck, contemplating the foaming billows, that, agitated by the tempest, rose to a tremendous height, and rolling like a huge mountain towards the ships, seemed to threaten instant destruction, whilst the forked lightning added horrors to the scene, by disclosing their danger, and increasing their fears of seeing the rigging set on fire. He viewed the scene before him with a gloomy placidity
that

that astonished every one. Heedless of being observed or overheard, he exclaimed, "Alas! how many poor mortals are now suffering in this pitiless storm, doomed, perhaps, to close their eyes in everlasting rest, swallowed up by the vast abyss of waters! No more to claim the endearing ties of nature! No more to view the tender, anxious parent, whose bosom throbs even now with anguish! No more to see a darling wife, that, trembling in her bed, with listening ears, shrinks with horror at the whistling winds, and agonized by love and fear, already anticipates her wretched fate! Treacherous element! (continued he) too just a semblance of the deceitful world; in a calm day, when the sun beams play upon thy smooth and glossy bosom, thy blue expansion, thy gentle motion delights the eye, fascinates unwary youth, and courts the adventurous man to seek destruction, unconscious of the storms, the thousand accidents that lie concealed beneath the tempting surface, and smile him into death! *Such* was the blossoming morning

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ing of *my* life ; but, oh ! scarce had the buds unfolded to the genial warmth of day, when suddenly a frost, a chilling, killing frost, destroyed the promised fruit, and blighted all *my hopes* for ever !!!

“ Permit me, Sir (said a young officer, laying hold of his arm, having overheard his affecting soliloquy) permit me to request you will retire below, your situation is dangerous, one of those heaving billows may break over the ship, and prove fatal to you.”

“ I thank you, Sir (replied Mr. Biddulph, starting, and looking wildly on the sympathizing youth) I thank you for your attention ; but I have nothing to fear, because I have nothing to lose ; these horrors are congenial with my feelings, and fancy, in depicting the woes of others, takes its fatal colouring from my bosom ! Suffer me, however (said the Gentleman) to conduct you from hence ; you have many fellow sufferers in misery, but it is our duty to submit under
the

the dispensations of Providence, and not wantonly to sport with a life reserved, perhaps, for happier days."

Affected by the young man's kindness, Mr. Biddulph arose, and with a deep sigh followed him below, where, on coming to the light, he saw, or fancied he saw, a melancholy sensibility in the features of his conductor that vibrated to his heart, and from that moment he determined to cultivate his acquaintance. Little opportunity, however, offered for conversation, or intimacy, until their arrival at Cape Fear, in North Carolina, the tempest continuing during the whole voyage; and here the same bad weather detained them for some weeks.

The second day after they had anchored, Mr. Biddulph, accompanied by his young friend, who was his junior by at least three or four years, went on shore, and strolled round the Coast; they walked on silently for some time. At length Mr. Biddulph suddenly

suddenly recovering himself from a deep reverie, began a conversation, by lamenting the delay which attended their expedition.

“ There seems, indeed (said Mr. Osborne, which was the officer's name) to be a strange fatality attending all our measures! A wrong conception of the Americans, in the first outset, has been a fatal bar to all subsequent successes, and, I much fear, we shall gain little glory, and lose much blood in our endeavours to subdue a people so numerous, so desperate, and fighting for liberty and independence.”

“ Have you been long in the army ?” asked Mr. Biddulph.

“ No (replied the other;) it is only six months since I obtained a commission, without, at that time, having the least professional knowledge, and with very little opportunity of cultivating it, or rather acquiring of it since. Many Gentlemen in the regiment
are

are as unexperienced as I am. Numbers of the troops are raw ignorant recruits, who are to be commanded by those as little acquainted with their duty as themselves, and therefore I leave you to judge how arduous the undertaking is for our Generals to instruct, and lead such troops to the field of battle : But you, Sir, added he, having voluntarily offered your services, must doubtless have chosen your situation from knowledge of the art of war, at least in theory."

" Indeed (answered Mr. Biddulph) you was never more mistaken, I know even less than yourself; nor can I take any merit to myself for my appearance here. Life was a burthen to me, England hateful, recollection painful in the extreme, and a campaign to America I sought as a busy field, that, by engaging my attention, might preclude me from dwelling on past misfortunes, and, by diversifying my thoughts, preserve me from despair and madness."

As

As he pronounced these last words, in a tone of horror, Mr. Osborne heaved a deep sigh, and taking his arm in a friendly way—
“ My dear Sir (said he) whatever are your misfortunes, I sympathize with you : You are young to know sorrows, I am still younger, yet have experienced the calamities of life in a painful degree. I will give you a short history of the events which have thrown me into my present situation.

“ My father succeeded to an estate of near fifteen hundred pounds a year, and married a young Lady of fashion with upwards of ten thousand pounds. They lived happily, as the world termed it, that is, they were both agreed in the love of pleasure, and neither interfered with the other. My father loved hounds and horses : my mother cards, balls, dress and dissipation ; consequently they soon fell into habits of expence that far exceeded their income. My mother bore several children, notwithstanding she impaired her health by the desultory manner in which she lived.
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Some she buried, but there are still five living, an elder brother, and three sisters : And here let me do my mother this justice, that I believe, how great so ever her errors, she was ever true to her nuptial vows, as far as chastity may be supposed to constitute that truth ; but surely, when a woman throws away her time, her fortune, neglects her domestic arrangements, and leaves her children to the care of strangers, of servants, with whose principles she is unacquainted, in my opinion such a woman has but a very small degree of negative merit to boast, that her person is not dishonoured, when she has every contamination of the mind. Pardon me, Sir, that I speak thus of a parent ; but it is difficult to repress one's feelings when smarting under injuries : I will, however, endeavour to be brief ; my sisters, as they grew up, were sent to a boarding-school ; my brother, who was my father's favourite, at an early age accompanied him in all his amusements, and I was left to follow my own inclinations in those hours when I did not attend

attend a grammar-school, as it was called, in the village adjoining to our house, which was kept by a clergyman indeed, but one of the most ignorant I believe of that sacred profession. My mother spent most of her time in London and Bath, my father at Newmarket, and every other race-ground; I had therefore no company but servants in the country, and wherefore I know not, but I was as little thought of by either of my parents, as if I had been an alien to the family. In my earlier years, my health had been rather delicate, and I was by no means calculated for robust country amusements, consequently I had but few companions, and was obliged to seek for entertainment from other resources. There was a very good library in the house, and one conversible person in the village, which was an elderly woman, a relation of my father's, who had once lived in affluence, her husband a merchant; but having been unfortunate in his concerns abroad, at his death she was left with a very slender provision, but an excellent character, and a well-

well-informed mind. My father having made her an offer of superintending his family, she had accepted it conditionally, which was, that 'she would receive no salary, be treated as a gentlewoman, and be at liberty to leave the house whenever she found her situation unpleasant, without being obliged to assign her reasons, or without forfeiting the friendship of the family.'"

These conditions, which, from a previous knowledge of my mother's disposition, she thought necessary to premise, were accorded to, and she had resided at our Villa near eight years, when one day taking the liberty of advising my mother, in a certain point, contrary to her inclinations, and in the pursuing of which, she met with mortification and disappointment; the discreet Mrs. Allworth saw it was no longer a desirable situation for her to live under the same roof with a person, whose temper she knew too well, to believe she would ever forgive the injury of good advice, which had been treated
with

with contempt, but which the event had justified: She therefore signified her intention of retiring, and met with neither opposition, nor a wish to retain her. My father, indeed, presented her with a little neat cottage, decently furnished, a cow, and some poultry, which she knew nothing of till put into her possession. This worthy woman, from the benevolence of her disposition, seeing me utterly neglected by my family, took great notice of me, and very many of my hours were spent with her to my no small improvement. In this way I remained in the country until I was turned of fourteen years of age; I then began to feel myself very uncomfortable, and ventured once, on my father's coming down on a hunting match, to express my dissatisfaction at the idle, uninformed life I led, and a desire of being placed in some other situation.

I shall never forget his answer; with a look of tenderness I had never seen him put on before; he said, "My dear Ned, I know
not

not what to do for you, my affairs are devilishly deranged ; I have been very unlucky on the turf, your mother cursed extravagant, your brother very expensive, my estate deeply mortgaged, and, in short, I can't afford to do any thing for you. — There's your elder sister just taken from school, she will be another pull-back ; I have no money, nor can I afford to send you to an expensive school, that will only raise your expectations, and increase your wants ; you must therefore rest content, until I can procure you a place in some public office."

This was my father's reply, and the last words I ever heard him utter, for in three days after, news was brought to me, that in leaping a gate his horse had fallen, and he was killed on the spot. This melancholy event brought all the family into the country, and on an investigation of our affairs, they were found in a most deplorable state. The mortgages were so heavy, that the short minority of my brother could not possibly

clear them, and my mother's jointure of six hundred a year was all we had to depend on, except about five hundred pounds each for my sisters and self, the amount of the personals. Could my mother have been content with retirement, we might have lived comfortable; but self-love superseded every other consideration with her. My father dying without a will, we were all under her care. My two youngest sisters were sent to a cheap school, and I was condemned to vegetate still in the village.

My brother was near nineteen, and having been always the companion of my father, he had acquired but little knowledge more than the turf and fox-hunting afforded, and to these amusements he dedicated all his time, and the care of his horses engrossed all his attention. My mother and eldest sister returned to their usual dissipations; I was left to glean what knowledge I could under an ignorant master, though my mother did con-

descend

descend to request Mrs. Allworth would
“ sometimes look after the boy.”

This good woman told her it was time for me to enter on some plan for my future support, as the trifling sum I was entitled to could be of little use.” The answer was, “ that I was yet too young to fix, and *she* was under *too much trouble* now to be able to determine on any important affairs.”

Mrs. Allworth said, “ Why not place him to board in some respectable school? As only two servants are now to remain in the house, surely it is a very strange and very improper plan for Master Edward to remain with them.”

“ *I cannot afford to pay high for his board, (answered my mother) and I suppose he would hereafter think it very hard, if I deducted it from his little pittance; the servants must have something to eat, and the same will serve him.*”

Thus

Thus my understanding, or morals, formed no part in her consideration, and I was left to form my mind, or character, as I pleased. I had sense enough to feel most acutely this cruel and unnatural neglect; it affected my temper, and gave me a serious reflecting disposition, that proved of infinite service to keep me from error. I was piqued at the little care taken of my education, and determined, by my own application, to counter-balance the want of proper instruction. — Mrs. Allworth applauded and supported my resolution; she directed my studies, and informed my mind: I only slept at home, took my meals at her house, and spent all my leisure hours with her.

About ten months had passed in this manner, when one evening returning from this good woman's, I found my brother very unexpectedly arrived, and quite alone.

“ So, Ned (said he) here's a cursed piece of business! You are surprised to see me, I suppose;

suppose; but I am come to take an account of my property, that the old harridan and her fellow may not rob me."

"Who, or what do you mean?" I cried, hastily interrupting him.

"What do I mean? (repeated he) Why, don't you know our old fool of a mother is married again to a young dog not older than I am, without a shilling, and only a midshipman!"

Seeing me thunderstruck—"Aye, you may well stare (continued he) it is bad news for thee, Ned, for I dare swear she will give him all thy little money, as well as her own. I heard she was coming down here, so faith I posted off to take a lawyer's advice, and an inventory of my goods and chattels; the devil a bit shall she cheat me."

"You may believe, my dear Sir (continued Mr. Osborne) that I was greatly

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shocked

shocked by this intelligence; my mother's folly hurt me extremely, and I was also not a little uneasy at the hint my brother had given me respecting the money belonging to my sisters and myself, and which she had said she would place in the funds in our respective names. My brother told me, that she and my sister had gone down to Portsmouth to see a fleet fitting out there; that they lodged in the house with a smart young Irishman, a midshipman, with whom my mother fell violently in love. The young man first paid his court to her daughter, but having, as it was supposed, made his inquiries into their affairs, he, all at once, changed his attentions to the mother, and one morning, unknown to any body but her servant, she got up early, leaving my sister asleep, and accompanied this young man to the altar, making him at once master of her person and fortune unconditionally.

“ When the affair came out, my sister, it seems, was nearly distracted, for she also
liked

liked this young officer. A dreadful quarrel ensued between the mother and daughter, the latter was forbidden the house, and instantly had a carriage, and drove to the school where her sisters were placed; from thence she wrote to my brother the whole affair, cautioned him to look after his house and furniture, as she heard a hint dropped that they intended to retire for a short time to the country, and she requested he would consult a lawyer on her account and her sisters.

“ This was the substance of my brother’s information. (I believe I have tired you, and shall endeavour to be brief.) The lawyer employed by my brother found, on inquiry, not one shilling had been placed in the funds by my mother on our account! A regular demand was made to her for our money; her husband had possession of all, and refused to give up a farthing; a law suit was commenced against him; in the mean time my sisters and self were without the least

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provision,

provision, our unnatural mother making it as a plea for refusing us the slightest assistance, that 'we had set ourselves against her dear Mr. O'Brian, and therefore she never desired to see or hear of us again.'

"My sisters were obliged to leave school, and came into the country to my brother, who determined to keep possession of the estate, and preclude my mother from getting entrance. She finding him resolute, and the neighbourhood violently inflamed against her, gave up the point; but, without the least scruple, forsook and defrauded her children; and within a month after her marriage, and only eleven months from the death of my father, she retired to the Continent with her young husband, nor did we ever recover a single shilling!

"I will not trouble you with any reflections on this conduct, I see you are sufficiently shocked: (In truth, Mr. Biddulph was pained to the heart; it recalled to his mind
the

the infamous behaviour of his aunt, and her cruel desertion of his ever regretted Eliza) and I hope such instances of a parent's depravity are very rare; but the consequences of my mother's folly, and injustice did not terminate here. My eldest sister Anna had unfortunately placed her affections on the same object, with her mother's tacit approbation, as she thought; the disappointment and deception affected her deeply, she fell into a most dreadful dejection of spirits that preyed upon her nerves; my brother, tho' not by nature or education possessed of much sensibility, yet behaved to us all with as much kindness as he was capable of feeling, and indeed more than we expected; he was very much grieved for poor Anna; he had prevailed on Mrs. Allworth to resume her former situation in his house; she undertook the education of my sisters; she exerted herself to console and revive the drooping spirits of Anna. Alas! all was in vain, the unhappy girl grew worse daily, and within three months after her cruel mother's marriage she was

deprived of her senses, and obliged to be confined to her apartment. This melancholy event filled us all with unutterable sorrow, and for a time even my brother forgot the turf and his field sports, to lament the dreadful malady of his lost sister.

“ I consulted with Mrs. Allworth on our future provision. She thought my two sisters would soon be qualified to act as teachers in some reputable school, and she engaged, whilst she lived, to protect them, and at her death to leave the little she was possessed of between them, for I utterly protested against being included in her little donation. Young men, as I observed, being capable of struggling for bread a thousand ways, from which women are precluded both by nature and education. My brother, however, kindly requested we would fix on no plan until he was of age, and could wind up his affairs. I was obliged to consent, yet was not satisfied with my unsettled and inactive life. Before that period arrived, my sisters, though very young,

young, by the interest of some friends, were fixed in schools; the unhappy Anna still continued in the same melancholy insanity, and in a hopeless state. An event took place about a month previous to my brother's coming of age, that completed the ruin of our family. He had two horses to run at Newmarket, and accordingly set off to the meeting. Here, confident in the speed of his horses, he was rashly drawn in to make very considerable bets. The event answered not his expectations; his horses were both distanced, and he incapable of discharging his engagements; the consequence was, that he was insulted, and treated with contempt.

“ Unable to bear the stigma thrown upon him—‘ Gentlemen (said he) I shall soon be of age, and I will enter into the most solemn engagements of honour to discharge my debts, should I be obliged to mortgage my estate to its utmost value.’

“ This satisfied some, but others were incredulous, and thought it the impulse of the moment to avoid resentment and ridicule. He returned to us under great perturbation of mind, and candidly confessed his folly ; he reflected so bitterly on himself, that we could not reproach him. He resolved from that moment to give up that dangerous and expensive gambling amusement. He kept his word to the hour I left him, and, I doubt not, still perseveres in it.”

C H A P. VII.

THE day arrived in which he was one-and-twenty, my mother, by quitting the kingdom, and resigning her authority from fear and shame of being convicted in the embezzlement of her childrens property, had given up the management of his affairs to himself, but the law did not permit him to act until that period. Lawyers were employed, the mortgagees assembled, his debts called in, and every thing soon settled. My brother had only three hundred a year allowed him to live on (besides a thousand pounds in money, which he conditioned for.)

His estate was put to nurse until the mortgages were all paid off. He acted like a man of honour, and surprised every one, who little expected such integrity from 'a jockey.'

When all was settled, and on the very next day after the business ended, he took me into the garden (we had a month allowed us to look out for another habitation, a Gentleman having agreed to rent the estate) "My dear Ned (said he) I have been a fool, a dupe, and a thoughtless prodigal: I did not imagine my affairs were in quite so ruinous a state; that wicked woman! He stopped. I will not mention her; her crime will be her punishment. I grieve that I can do so little for you, and the poor injured girls. But tell me, Ned, should you like the army, for I confess I see no other line for you?"

"I told him that was the line I should prefer, and had intended, with the little property

perty I once hoped to possess, when it was at my disposal to have bought into the army."

" Well then (said he) leave that business to me, I am determined to study the law. You smile, Ned, but it is really so ; I have not quite forgot my Latin, though for years I have followed very different pursuits, and entirely neglected my studies. I will learn to understand and look after my own affairs, it is never too late to grow wise, and I think I have paid devillish dear for experience."

" After some other conversation we returned to the house, crossing a court-yard to the back of it : Great God, never shall I forget the dreadful moment, the horrid sight ! That instant as we entered into the court, a window above burst open, and our dear unhappy sister precipitated herself from it, fell with violence on the pavement, and we were sprinkled with her blood and brains !"

Here the shocking tale was too much for Mr. Osborne's feelings; his voice faltered, and he burst into a flood of tears: "Excuse Mr. Biddulph, pardon me, Sir, I am but a man."

"Were you more or less (said the other, grasping his hand, with a look of tender sympathy) I should not esteem you: I honour the affectionate effusion, and scorn the proud man that is ashamed to weep."

It was several minutes before Mr. Osborne was sufficiently recovered to resume his narrative. At length, however, he proceeded: "I cannot dwell on this subject; the dear girl had never shewn any signs of impatience, never had attempted her life, and her attendant had only that moment gone to the top of the stairs to call for something, from the unlucky circumstance of breaking the bell. The whole catastrophe happened in an instant, and must have been the sudden impulse of the moment. I will not attempt a description

scription of our feelings, for although life to her could not be desirable, and her melancholy situation was a continued source of affliction to her relatives, yet the manner of her death impressed us with the greatest horror and regret. But to conclude my tedious story: My brother set apart five hundred pounds out of the thousand he had raised for the purpose of buying me a commission; the other five he sunk at ten per cent. for my sisters, as a trifling independence, should their situations abroad not accord with their inclinations, and Mrs. Allworth returned to her cottage, which my father had given her. Her little income did not exceed sixty pounds a year, of this she made a deed of gift in favour of my sisters after her death, promising to watch over their happiness whilst she lived, and in every sense to be a parent. Thus I hope the dear girls will be preserved from want and dependence. Alas! that a mother should, by fashion, dissipation, and an unpardonable weakness at her time of life, be led into a callosity of heart, insensible to maternal

nal

nal love, and basely wrong her unoffending children ! Surely remorse will one day awaken bitter reflections, and unavailing sorrow.

“ I accompanied my brother to London. He entered himself in the Temple, and began to study with an alacrity and perseverance that astonished me. He assured me that he should constantly send his sisters such little presents as might render them respectable, and the moment he was able to provide for them, or if Mrs. Allworth died, he would take a house, and have them home to superintend it for him.

“ Within a few months he bought me a commission, and gave three hundred and fifty pounds for it. Another fifty fitted me out, with a hundred pounds in my pocket, and leave to draw on him for thirty or forty pounds yearly, as (he said) one hundred out of his three, he should hold himself only as

a steward for, to accommodate his sisters and me with.

“ Here, Sir, was a brother ! a friend ! as great as unexpected, for in the early part of his life he had given but little promise of either affection or consideration for his family ; but it is most evident the seeds of goodness were in his heart, though for some time choaked up by youthful follies and idle pursuits.

“ I have now left this dear brother, and my orphan sisters, to the care of Providence. I have embarked on the wide ocean of life with many painful ideas, and oftentimes bitter retrospections on past events, that cloud my mind with sorrow, and make me tremble for the future. Since I came on board the ship, I have constantly remarked the profound sorrow that pervaded your countenance, and my heart longed to challenge you as a friend. It is true, my youth and inexperience give me but little claims, unless
you

you will generously allow me to profit by your superior knowledge. I watched you that night when I first obtruded myself upon your notice. I followed you to the deck, apprehensive, I own, that you had some desperate scheme in view ; that hour I shall consider as a most fortunate one, since you have permitted me to cultivate an intimacy, from which, I hope, to derive both profit and pleasure." Here Mr. Osborne concluded his narrative.

Mr. Biddulph very affectionately thanked him for the communication, and cordially tendered him the friendship he was desirous of obtaining. After this conversation they were very seldom separate, and both found pleasure in a society that diverted their ideas from dwelling too long and forcibly on past misfortunes.

C H A P. VIII.

THE weather setting in more favourable, the ships once more sailed for their destined port, and at length anchored off Charles-Town Bar, soon after which a terrible action took place against Fort Sullivan, in which the ships and troops on board, suffered most dreadfully; but as there has been so many and exact details of the progress of our arms in America, it is unnecessary to enlarge here upon the different battles and their successes. In the course of the service Mr. Biddulph and his young friend were separated, and ordered to very different destinations.

tinations. Both were grieved, but both submitted to the necessity, and from the nature of their duty, and a sad foreboding of its consequences, they parted like men, who little hoped ever to see each other again in this world!

Mr. Biddulph had been in several engagements, and had been once wounded pretty severely in the shoulder in a skirmish with a detached party of the Provincials; but he had now caught the general enthusiasm, and his wounds only served as a stimulus to warm him in the cause by a desire of revenge. Little was done, however, until the arrival of Sir William Howe with reinforcements, when it was determined to proceed towards New-York, previous to which they meditated an attack upon Long-Island. They accordingly effected their landing there, and took their post at Flat Bush, a small village, surrounded by an amazing extent of ground that rose by a gradual ascent to the surrounding hills, at the bottom of which, on the other side, was

a thick and extensive wood. A detachment of the Hessians had been sent round the wood to stop the enemy, supposing they should be dispersed. Here a very dreadful battle ensued, in which the Americans were entirely defeated, and those who fled through the woods for safety, were numbers of them met and destroyed by the Hessians.

On the morning after this memorable battle, when the Provincials were all dispersed and flying through the country, Mr. Bidulph (who had behaved with remarkable bravery, and had been noticed by the commanders of the army with particular distinction) took a solitary walk among the woods, without apprehension of meeting with any of the enemy. He had walked on for some time, avoiding those places that, by the break of the wood, seemed to have been a scene of carnage the preceding day; he was overwhelmed in a profound melancholy, the horrid effusion of blood he had witnessed, and even partook in, seemed, on sober reflection,

reflection, when not animated by the example and ardour of others, to revolt equally against humanity and Christianity, he was musing on the dreadful effects of war, when his attention was suddenly arrested by a deep groan and a murmuring plaintive voice. — He started, and, without reflecting on the dangers he might encounter, he followed the sound, penetrated through the thick underwood, and beheld an elderly man sitting on the ground with two children, one lying upon his knee, the other, who was younger, clasped to his bosom, whilst he viewed them alternately with a look of inexpressible anguish, the big drops rolling unconscious down his aged cheeks.

Struck with the most painful sensations, Mr. Biddulph advanced towards him; he was in his uniform:—"Behold (cried the old man) the end of my sorrows, the *butchers* are coming; be merciful (he cried) and slay us all; let not these forlorn —." The words died on his tongue; he threw up his eyes

eyes to Heaven in speechless agony, whilst his head involuntarily dropped on the shoulder of the little boy that lay in his arms.

Unspeakably shocked, Mr. Biddulph ran to him, "Take comfort," was all he could utter, his emotions overpowered him. He raised the drooping head, and again bid him "Be of comfort, he would assist him."

The man looked earnestly at him, "It is too late (said he) my children!" —

Biddulph then examined the faces of the poor little ones. Alas! they were alive indeed, but verging on the grave. He had nothing about him that could administer to their relief, and was above two miles from the camp. Distracted, he cried, "Ah! what can be done? Will you support them whilst I fly to the camp?"

"It is too late (repeated he again.) See, see. O God support me!" The little one then

then in his arms was seized with violent convulsions ; it was the last struggle of expiring nature, and in a few moments all was over !

“ He is dead ! (exclaimed the poor man.) Thank Heaven, he is released ! the other will soon follow ; our glass is nearly run, and all will be at rest !” Seeing Mr. Biddulph’s emotions, his eager looks around in hopes of help, and his distress whether to leave him or not : “ It is all in vain (cried he) nothing can save us, my last hours draw on : I only prayed that these wretched orphans might not survive me ; Heaven will hear me.”

Biddulph that moment recollecting he had a bottle of salts in his pocket, instantly applied it to the child and the old man ; it revived both a little : “ Take it (he hastily exclaimed) preserve your senses, I will procure relief.”

He

He was going ; the man caught his hand :
“ Stay, stay, I beseech you, relief cannot reach us. Are you an Englishman, a soldier ? Alas ! brother against brother, what has not your cruel country to answer for ? Yet misery may be partial, the sufferer may be unjust ; but surely, surely, America is hardly dealt with ! ”

As he uttered these words, Mr. Biddulph heard the sound of voices ; he flew through the opening, and hallooed aloud. He was answered, and presently three soldiers appeared, who belonged to a foraging party. One he directly hastened to the camp for refreshments, the others being ordered out as scouts ; he could not retain, but his heart bounded with joy, in the hope of preserving the remaining almost dying creatures. The old man, who saw and heard what passed, on his return to his side, said, “ You have restored my charity, and whilst I have strength left, you shall hear my story. These poor infants are my grand-children. I had two
sons.

sons. Unhappily they held different principles. One, the father of these expiring victims, fought for his country; the other, degenerate boy, entered into an army of Royalists, as they are called. My cottage is about three miles from hence over the hills, thither the wretched wife and these poor babes came to me for shelter. — Her husband was in a small detachment in the army, now routed and butchered. He was appointed to watch the motions of the English. His road lay near my cottage. He came to embrace his wife, his children. Great God! what an unlucky hour!" Here the old man's voice faltered, grief and weakness overcame him for some moments, the drops a little restored him, and, after a short pause, he feebly resumed his story.

"Whilst my son was indulging in the tears of nature, his party gave the alarm; he rushed from the room, and at the very door met a number of the Royalists; both eager to subdue the other, instantly engaged, and within

within five minutes my brave unhappy boy fell to the earth, pierced with a hundred wounds. His poor wife and myself had followed to the door trembling with agony; we could not see him fall, but the shouts of the victors, and the flight of our party, too plainly told the event, which was determined in a few minutes. The victors pursued the flying party. We saw many laying dead, with beating hearts, and agitated limbs,—we hastened to examine them. Some had yet life remaining; a sudden shriek made me turn my head. My daughter was lying prostrate over a dead body! My fears told me the mournful tale; it was my son, her husband! I endeavoured to raise the wretched wife;—wife! alas! no more a wife. I pulled her from the body. My heart bled at the sight. She was returning to life, when a faint groan made me look round, and that look beheld my other, my rebel son, expiring also! This was too much for nature to sustain; those dying and dead objects operated too powerfully on my feelings, and I sunk

by the side of these heart-piercing victims ! When my senses returned, the night was shut in ; it was totally dark ; the winds rolled over the mountains ; the rains descended in torrents ; nothing defended us from the inclemency of the weather : I feebly attempted to rise. I called on Mary, the unhappy widow. No answer was made ; all was profound silence ; nothing was heard but the howling of the tempest ; my limbs grew stiff and cold ; my heart oppressed with the bitterest grief and horror. — Such a night ! Stretched on the cold earth with the dying and the dead, my children no more, perhaps died by each other's hands ; my poor Mary insensible, and her infants left exposed to every accident their unprotected state was liable to ! Oh, Sir ! you that seem to have sensibility, think what were my feelings, and wonder that I am still alive."

Neither the old man nor his auditor could refrain from tears, and it was some time before the narrator could proceed. At length, endeavouring

endeavouring at an exertion which evidently gave him infinite pain, he went on.

“ Towards the dawn of day the tempest abated, and on the first appearance of light I endeavoured to discriminate objects; but unknown to myself I had crept from the place where I fainted, and could trace no resemblance in those near to me to the dear unhappy boys I had lost; whilst my eye was eagerly wandering over every face, and my trembling hands and knees supported me, a well-known voice reached my ears: ‘Father, my dear father!’ It was my Mary; she stood before me with her two children. I gave a cry of joy: ‘Come (said she) come from this horrid place, a scene of death and madness to behold; let me see *you* safe, and then I will do my duty.’

“ The solemnity of her voice startled me. I strove to get up, but my limbs would not support me. I crawled to my cottage, and in an affecting silence, more terrible than words,

she placed her two little ones upon the floor, assisted me into the bed, and then putting them by my side, she flew out of the house. What passed for three days I was ignorant of till afterwards, for I was that night seized with a delirium. Mary, the dear unhappy Mary, assisted nature, and it pleased Heaven then to restore me that I might still suffer more. My fever abated, my senses returned. I was told my boys were buried in the garden. Mary had met with a neighbouring peasant, who had helped her in the pious office. One grave held the remains of two brothers fallen a sacrifice to their opposite principles. The one I honour, but the other —, yet the grave buries all distinctions. No parties rage there; ambition and national pride are there levelled with the meanest, and in another world, I trust, mistaken principles will be purged from error!"

"I feel my strength nearly exhausted, let me therefore hasten to the dreadful climax of my miseries, for from my youth I have known
the

the most painful vicissitudes, and have been inured to sufferings. As I grew better, I observed the declining health of now my only remaining prop—my Mary; her constitution sunk under grief, fatigue and anxiety. The young boy, whose soul has just escaped to Heaven, was at her breast, and caught the fatal malady that preyed upon her; the other, now expiring——.”

Here the old man cast a piteous look upon the poor child, while anguish wrung his heart; but passing his hand before his eyes, with a deep sigh, he continued his melancholy tale.

“ This dear little one shared the general distress, neglect and hunger. One day, when I was just able to crawl about, my daughter had appeared more cheerful than usual, tho’ weak as an infant. Our neighbour had been with us, and had prepared a little broth for our common use, and then returned to her own cottage. I was sitting, urging the poor

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dying

dying creature to eat a few spoonfuls, when the husband of the good woman, and the same who had helped to bury my sons, came running breathless into the room: 'Save, save yourselves (he cried) the Hessians are coming, and set fire to every cottage they plunder and destroy.'

"He flew from the house, and in the same moment my dear unhappy daughter dropped from her seat, and expired without a groan. After many fruitless efforts to restore her, I found her troubles were over! Annihilated almost with such accumulated miseries, I sat stupidly fixed to the floor, when a party of wretches burst in upon me, drove me and my poor helpless orphans from the house, plundered every little matter they could find, and indeed it was not much, and to complete their cruelty set the poor cottage on fire. They then departed, leaving me and my children lying at a small distance from this scene of devastation without help, cloaths, or sustenance. I saw the blaze from the
neigh-

neighbouring cottages, and that all were fellow sufferers. This scene wants no aggravation from my complaints: I see you feel, and blush at it. Such are the horrors of war!

“ What now was to become of me? The body of poor Mary perished in the flames; I had no friends, no help near, all were fled from the cruel destroyers. I had one relation at Flat-Bush, the village where your troops lay; he was, poor mistaken man! he *is* a Royalist: I hoped he would save the children, it was my only resource. I set out two days ago, alas! I could only creep a few yards at a time, I had no sustenance for my babes, they pined with hunger, their cries, whilst they could cry, pierced my very soul!

“ Yesterday, I got thus far, I heard the sounds of battle; I saw many of my persecuted countrymen flying through the woods, and pursued by your troops. Many passed me by; but friends or foes to me were equal;

they saw we were dropping into the grave, and heeded us not. Here then I quietly resigned myself to perish. All I asked, all I prayed for, was to see my children die. I asked death of many, but no such kindness could I meet. Now, thank Heaven, all will soon be over."

Here the wretched man finished his story; exhausted and fatigued, he threw himself at his length on the ground. Biddulph, whose feelings had been agonized by this dreadful recital, was eager to succour this unhappy victim to civil war, and hoped, from the exertion he had made in repeating his story, that there was yet some strength remaining, which proper aid might restore. Whilst he was speaking in the soothing voice of tenderness, the soldier he had sent to the camp arrived with some refreshment; for though the story has been continued on in narration, yet many were the breaks and pauses made by the trembling relator. Mr. Biddulph and the soldier endeavoured to pour a little wine
into

into the mouths of the man and the child ; the former took some, but the little boy was too far gone, he could not swallow, and in less than ten minutes after breathed its last !

When the grandfather saw the last sigh, he clasped his hands, and cried, in an exulting tone, " Now I am happy, *now* I can die with pleasure, my children can suffer no more, and we shall all meet in a blessed eternity ! !"

Mr. Biddulph said something relative to his recovery.

" Sir ! (said he) am I hewn from marble ? Is my heart cased with stone ? Can I live after such scenes as I have seen ? No, I struggled for life, whilst there was life there, (pointing to the children :) *Now*, I have no more to do with it."

They again attempted to raise him ; he resisted their efforts.

“ Here I will die ; why should I go another step ? If you have charity lay us in one grave decently, that’s all you can do for me.”

It was in vain Mr. Biddulph represented to him, that, if he did not recover, he might live some time, might pass another night in the wood.

“ No, no, (cried he, with quickness) it will soon be over, I feel it will.”—In fact, an oppression came rapidly on ; he spoke with more difficulty every moment, yet life hovered on his lips for several hours. He grew visibly worse ; he blessed Mr. Biddulph for his charity, thanked Heaven for the death of his children, and, grasping the hand that was held out to support him, ‘ I die in charity with all the world, I forgive our cruel persecutors, and I pray Heaven soon to end this unnatural and destructive war !’ He spoke very little after this, and about six in the evening closed his eyes for ever !

Mr.

Mr. Biddulph, exceedingly affected, remained by the bodies, whilst the soldier went to procure more help. They were interred that night in a grave dug in the wood; the Chaplain of the regiment kindly attended at Mr. Biddulph's request, and performed a short service over them.

C H A P. IX.

THIS melancholy event sunk deep into Mr. Biddulph's mind. He began to shrink at the horror and devastation of war; he repented the plan he had adopted, but honour, he thought, forbid his retreat, and from a false pride, which oftentimes takes the lead of principle, he conceived himself obliged to persevere in the service, though his heart revolted against the expected consequences. To follow him through the painful marches, and various skirmishes, he was engaged in, would afford but little amusement; he was twice wounded, though not dangerously.

dangerously. At length Sir William Howe determined, if possible, to bring General Washington to a decisive battle, which he prudently, like another *Fabius Maximus*, had constantly avoided, his plan being to harass the English troops by continual feints, and to intercept their provisions and their reinforcements. Sir William, however, endeavoured to counteract him, and having abandoned Brunswick, by means of a temporary bridge, the baggage and some troops crossed over to Staten-Island; the General supposing it to be a retreat, advanced with his troops to harass them, which Sir William observing, sent Lord Cornwallis to gain the posts on the mountains, which the Provincials had quit-
ted. He was met by a large party, advantageously posted near the entrance of a thick wood, commanded by Lord Stirling; a battle ensued, and the American troops were broken on all sides; they fled, and took shelter in the wood.

Washington

Washington instantly informed of this event, hastened a retreat, and, by some excellent manœuvres, again got possession of the mountains. Mean time the Provincials flying through the woods, Mr. Biddulph being in a detachment, commanded by a brave young officer, impelled by the ardour of youth, and animated by their success, they rashly pursued them with a comparative small number of men. The enemy observing this, and that they were entangled in the woods, suddenly collected themselves, and turned upon them, and, by the advantage of knowing their ground, attacked and defeated them.

Mr. Biddulph received several desperate wounds, and fell among the slain, for, careless of life, he had fought with all the impetuosity of courage goaded by despair. The Americans having subdued their enemies, hastened to rejoin their General, leaving the ground covered with the dead and dying. Biddulph lay for some time unable to move ;
his

his left arm was wounded in a dreadful manner, besides other severe hurts in the different parts of his body. He was sensible of his situation, and saw no help near ; he therefore resigned himself to an expected death with calmness, supported by hope of being reunited to the objects of his love.

Some hours had elapsed when he saw three men advancing, and carefully examining the bodies ; they were not foldiers, but plainly dressed ; they came up to him ; he could not speak, but endeavoured to move his right arm.

“ Ah ! Joseph (said one) here is a wretched man alive ; hast thou any cordial left ? ”

“ I have,” replied the other ; then raising the wounded man, they poured some down his throat, which greatly revived him ; the third, who had been looking among some other dying creatures, now advanced ; they produced some cloth, bound up his wounds, and

and by drops and refreshment restored him to the power of articulation.

“ I thank your charity (said he, faintly) but life is not of much value to me.”

“ Friend (answered the man who had first relieved him) friend, it is thy duty to preserve what the Almighty has given thee. Be thankful to him who hath sent thee succour.”

He bowed his head at this reproof, but could not speak. Two of the men took him up, and carried him through the wood, whilst the third remained to examine others, to whom he might extend his charitable assistance. Those who had the care of Bidulph proceeded, until all at once they came to a small plain, which terminated in a beautiful vale, enclosed by another rising wood. Here was a sweet compact little village, with a very neat farm-house at one end, into which the wounded man was carried, and was met
by

by an amiable looking woman and two children.

“ Here, Rebecca (said one of the men) we have brought thee a young man terribly wounded, but not dangerously, I believe. Abraham desires thou wilt be good unto him, and let him have rest.”

“ I will obey him (answered she, with a look of tender benevolence;) carry him to the chamber to the right, there is a bed ready.”

Biddulph attempted to speak. She put her finger on his lips: “ Friend, do not exhaust thyself, I read thy heart, thou hast an intelligent look.”

He was soon placed in bed, his wounds were examined by one of his preservers, who dressed them, and bid him take comfort; none, he hoped, were dangerous, if he kept himself quiet.”

The

The amiable Rebecca came to him with a cordial, "Friend (said she) thou art my patient, obey me; the Lord hath wonderfully preserved thee in this day of blood and destruction; let thy heart praise him, and he will restore thee, if it be his Divine Will."

Biddulph, weak as he was from pain and loss of blood, could not resist the sudden impulse of gratitude that sprung from his heart to his lips. "My good angel (exclaimed he) thou art indeed the Samaritan, that pourest wine and oil to relieve the wretched."

"I am thy neighbour and fellow creature, (replied she) I only perform a duty; make thyself easy, thou art among thy brotherhood." She departed, and left him to his own reflections; they were advantageous to his charity, they reconciled him to a world he had detested.

"Ah! (thought he) must we come to another quarter of the globe to find virtue and benevolence?"

benevolence ? Are these the people to whom we are bringing blood and slaughter ? Do they repay evil with good, and shall I live to raise my arm against my benefactors ? for, alas ! war is no respecter of persons, and the good and innocent too often fall a sacrifice to party rage !”

The idea shocked him, his particular situation distressed him greatly, and precluded rest. Towards night a fever came rapidly on, and alarmed his benevolent hostess. — Every attention that the warmest charity and good-will could bestow was paid to him, and in the course of three days he was not only relieved from his fever, but his wounds bore a favourable appearance, and denoted a speedy recovery. Whilst he was in this state of convalescence, he was informed there was, in another room, two other wounded persons, who likewise experienced the compassionate assistance of those good Quakers ; his first preservers, Abraham and William Hingston, frequently came and sat with him.

Joseph

Joseph belonged to a neighbouring farm, and had a heart equally filled with the milk of human kindness. They often reprobated the unnatural war, which had turned kindred against kindred, and laid the foundation for bitter animosities among families and friends, never, perhaps, to be extinguished.

“ For my part (said Abraham, Rebecca’s husband) I take no decided part on either side; my principles are peace and good-will to all men, and, to the best of my abilities, I will befriend every one that is sick or unfortunate.”

“ A heavenly disposition (exclaimed Bidulph) but in a country where party rages, and every one is called upon to serve (as it is called) his country, I wonder you are permitted to observe this neutrality.”

“ It is because in this Province I am very well known (answered the Quaker) and thy countrymen have hitherto respected my situation,

ation, for I am meek and quiet. The trade of blood, in which thou, young man, art engaged, is equally repugnant to Christ's precepts, and to humanity. Thou art wonderfully preserved from death; consecrate thy future life to the Lord, and deserve the favour he has shewn unto thee."

Biddulph sighed; he thanked the good man for his advice, but told him there were circumstances that obliged a man to attend to his worldly engagements sometimes, tho' repugnant to his feelings. They shook their heads with an air of concern, but made no reply.

In a very short time Mr. Biddulph was so far recovered as to be capable of enjoying the fresh air at the door of the house, where a simple stone seat served as an accommodation on a hot day, being sheltered over head from the rays of the sun by an artificial head of an umbrella, made by bending some branches of two trees together, that
2 grew

grew on each side of the door. Here he frequently sat with the amiable Rebecca, and her two little girls, whom she taught to read and work, and instructed them in the plain and simple duties of religion, love to God, and good-will to all men. One evening, when he appeared to have gathered strength tolerably, she proposed his accompanying her to a little arbour at the bottom of a garden he had not yet seen; the men were occupied in their farm, and he readily agreed to go with her and the little ones to this favourite spot.

“ I hope, friend (said she) thou wilt not take cold, for I want to have thee entertained with hearing the mocking bird, which generally every evening, at twilight, amuses himself with imitating all other birds, and as the wood rises from the opposite side of the garden, we are delightfully entertained with the variety of his notes.”

Biddulph

Biddulph gladly consented to accompany her, and was charmed with the neatness and extent of the garden, at the bottom of which, near the arbour, was a beautiful lake that run through the trees, and was lost in the opposite wood. Below was a neat little bridge, that crossed to a kind of foot path, which Rebecca told him led to another dwelling, situated in a sequestered vale, about half a mile distant. Mr. Biddulph was enchanted with the beauty of the scene, and the various warblings of the melodious little creature, who, perched upon a low tree, so happily imitated the different notes of the evening birds. The stillness of the evening, the calm serenity that pervaded around him, the placid looks of the amiable Quaker, the sportive innocence of the children, added to the 'dulcet lay,' inspired him with enthusiastic delight.

"Happy, happy beings! (he exclaimed) favourites of Heaven, like the patriarchs of old, you enjoy every blessing of nature uncorrupted; here peace and happiness dwells,
undisturbed .

undisturbed by the commotions of a selfish world !”

“ Thou art mistaken, friend (said Rebecca, with a composed serene gravity) undisturbed peace and happiness has no existence in this lower world. I have two uncles engaged in this unhappy war, each of different principles ; thinkest thou I have no anxiety on their account, and the consequences that must ensue, which ever side prevails, to their families? It is true we take no actual part, and hitherto have been unmolested, but are we sure of continuing so? May not the ferocious Hessians, the savage Indians, suddenly come upon us, and overthrow all our hopes of worldly comfort? Believe me, friend, perfect happiness is not made for man. We endeavour to fulfil the Divine command of doing good to all men; we look forward with hope, but not entirely free from anxiety, we trust in the Lord, and resign ourselves to his will,”

Struck

Struck with the humble and pious submission of this worthy woman, Biddulph caught the enthusiasm, and felt a calmness in his mind, to which he had long been a stranger, and from that hour determined to struggle against the painful recollections of his past misfortunes, and in the words of Rebecca, 'to look forward with hope.'

Having spent near two hours in this delicious retreat, they returned to the house, and the invalid found himself so refreshed by the air, that, on the next morning, the hospitable Quakers congratulated him on the visible amendment. Talking of their beautiful garden, "I long (said Biddulph) to cross the little bridge, to penetrate the wood, and see the opposite Vale."

"Well then (replied Rebecca) I will gratify thy longing; we will set off early for our evening walk, and thou shalt survey the ground on the other side."

He did not fail to remind his hostess of her promise, and, accompanied by her two little cherubs, they strolled to the garden, crossed the bridge, and pursuing the narrow foot path up through the wood, came all at once to the view of the most enchanting dell that ever was seen, the hanging wood on one side, and a chain of high hills which rose on the other, with a beautiful stream of water that run at the bottom of them, formed the most romantic scene possible to be conceived ! Near to the hills, and one side of the water, stood a neat little dwelling, a small garden in front, and an orchard at the back of it. Biddulph stood some moments admiring the Vale beneath, and the distant prospects that met his eye on the sides of the wood ; they then gradually descended, and came down to a little harbour, erected by the owner of the house, before them ; here they were glad to rest and feast their eyes.

“ What a lovely situation ! (cried Biddulph) what a charming picturesque country
your’s

your's is ! Woods, rising hills, with alternate vallies and dells, gardens, orchards ! In short, this seems the favourite spot of nature for the dwelling of peace and innocence !”

“ Ah !” cried the amiable Quaker, with a look of significant sorrow, “ mistaken man is but too apt to form erroneous opinions. In that dwelling thou admirest, lives one of the most unfortunate and most melancholy of men : I will tell thee his story whilst we sit here, that the contrast of appearances and reality may be the more forcibly impressed on thy mind.”

C H A P. X.

“**T**HE worthy man I am going to speak of, is a victim to the pride and prejudices of birth and titles. Friend Routier, (the name he has taken from his mother) is descended from a family in France, who vaunted themselves on being born to hereditary titles and riches. They boasted of *noble* blood—vain, mistaken mortals! Is not the blood of the honest industrious peasant more pure, more uncorrupted, than what flows in the veins of beings given up to sensuality and debauchery? Did not God form man, all without distinction, after his own image?

image? Had the patriarchs, the prophets, the apostles, those shadowy claims to superiority? Is there, in his sight, any pre-eminence but in virtue? Surely, surely, it is a vain delusion!

“ This unfortunate young man conceived an affection for the daughter of a trader; she was handsome, good and virtuous, but she had no titles, no nobility of birth. The proud father, the vain mother, instigated by pride, not only refused their consent, but obtained an unjust order from their King to confine the young maiden in a convent!

“ When the son was informed of their cruelty, he flew from the house of his fathers, and buried himself in a profound retirement among a religious sect also. He remained four years thus secluded from vanity, until the oppression of thy country towards us induced several of the French nation to take up arms and assist our brethren. He then came from his solitude, and accompanied

some other young men to America, as volunteers, in the service of Congress. He was in the battle at Bunker's-Hill; he fought desperately, and was left among the slain.

“ A brother of Abraham's dwelt at a small farm, not far from the scene of battle. Charity carried him to the spot the next morning; he found the youth alive amidst the dead; he procured help, and carried him to his habitation, where their charitable kindness preserved his life, though he lay a long time almost without hope, and without even a wish to live. It pleased the Lord, however, to restore him, and the young man was, after some days, pronounced out of danger. Whilst he was recovering, through the care of Sarah and Jacob, one morning a party of friends brought in a young man with his leg broken, whom they had found at the entrance of the adjacent wood; he was also received into the house of charity, and a surgeon being sent for, deposed that his leg was so terribly shattered that,
unless.

unless it was amputated, a mortification would inevitably ensue. The youth refused to submit to the operation, but the brethren and good Sarah remonstrated with him on his duty ; the truth prevailed, and he at length consented, but first required a private conference with Sarah.

“ When the chamber was cleared, the poor creature, in great confusion, confessed that she was a maiden under that garb, a French woman, whom misfortunes had driven to America ; that she was entirely a stranger to every one, and had that morning been sent out on a foraging party, when her leg was broken by a musket ball fired by some straggling English. She besought our sister to have every thing decently performed, and if she died to open a little leathern case she wore about her neck (which had been observed, and conjectured to be a picture) in which she would find two letters ; these letters she implored her to see transmitted to France, and to let her be decently laid in

the earth. Now, said the maiden, call in the surgeon, I do not fear to die, because I have no cause to wish for life ; wretchedness must be my portion."

" Not so (replied Sarah ;) thou shalt live with me ; I will pour the balm of consolation into thy mind ; trust in the Lord, he will restore thy peace."

The surgeon returned, and the operation was happily performed. Four days passed without much fever, and the surgeon pronounced her in a most favourable state.

The fifth day, Jacob being in the room with the young Frenchman, who was recovering fast, imprudently mentioned the foregoing circumstances. The youth seemed uncommonly interested, and betrayed such various emotions, that our brother was greatly surprised, and demanded to know the cause.

" I

“ I scarcely know (replied he;) my heart throbs with violence; my spirits are greatly hurried, yet it is impossible I can be particularly concerned in this young woman's fate. There is a similarity, however;” then pausing a little, “ I beseech you (added he) to inquire the name of this unfortunate heroic girl.”

Jacob assured him he would do so, and repeated the request to Sarah.

She reproved him for the communication, but as the mischief was done, undertook to gratify the request. Soon after, when sitting with the maiden, she took an opportunity to ask her name. The young creature was confused, and hesitated; but at length said, “ My name is Theresa: I have forfeited all title to any other by abandoning my friends and my country.”

As she appeared hurt, and was silent, Sarah did not press her farther; but on her return to Jacob, reported the answer she had

obtained, and this little satisfactory account he carried to the sick chamber; but great indeed was his astonishment, when the wounded man, in an agitation little short of madness, threw himself from the bed, exclaiming, "Let me go; let me fly; it is her; my heart tells me it is her!"

He attempted to stand, but his strength did not second his inclinations; he fell back on the bed sorely distressed, still repeating, "If you wish my life, let me be conveyed to her room."

Jacob, greatly troubled, called Sarah his wife to him; when she saw him, and heard the young man's prayer, she said, "Compose thyself, I will speak to the maiden; if she will permit thee, thou shalt see her."

"Tell her (cried he) it is a man whom a cruel father sacrificed, a man who loves, who adores, Theresa!"

Sarah

Sarah repaired to the maiden, and prudently opened the business; but when she delivered the message, "O Heaven!" cried she, "it is my Lewis!" and instantly swooned away. Sarah recalled her to life by the usual remedies of drops and water. When she was recovered she grasped the hand of Sarah, and, with a look of inexpressible tenderness, "O (said she) let him come, Heaven smiles upon our affection, and has permitted this unexpected happiness!" In short, the young man was conveyed to her chamber. Never was such a meeting; both Jacob and Sarah thought they would have expired: Tears, broken sentences, and looks of unutterable affection, spoke their hearts more forcibly than eloquence.

It was indeed *his Theresa*, whom his proud father, on finding his son had quitted the country, and that all his inquiries after him were fruitless, no longer apprehensive of an union he dreaded, or, perhaps, struck with remorse at his injustice, thought proper to

release the unhappy maiden from her confinement, and restore her to her friends ; but when she heard it rumoured that her lover was gone to America, she determined to follow him, romantic as the idea was, without knowing the name he had assumed, or what part of the country he might be in. The hand of the Lord directed all things ; he ordained they should meet, and his wisdom saw what was most fitting, who shall presume to murmur at his decrees ?

Sarah and Jacob were filled with sympathy and compassion for this unfortunate couple, whose tenderness and afflictions they truly commiserated ; it was with difficulty they could be separated ; but their emotions were too much for their strength. The youth was carried to his apartment ; Sarah endeavoured to console the maiden. Alas ! the agitation of her mind, the sudden rush of joy was too much for her, and that night she was seized with a violent fever, which in two days brought on a mortification that the medical men pronounced to be mortal ! —

Never

Never was a situation of more distress than that of those unfortunate lovers ! The young man for a day and a night lay on the floor almost without life, and without taking any sustenance ! A few hours before she died, she took leave of him with these words :

“ My dear Lewis, exert your fortitude, submit to the Almighty Will, I die happy in your sight. We have deserved to suffer ; we resisted the will of an earthly father ; we did wrong, *I* ought to be the victim. If you wish me to leave the world in peace, promise, on your sacred word, to grant my last request.”

“ I will ; speak, speak,” cried he, in a voice almost suffocated with agonizing sorrow. “ O, Theresa ! you shall be obeyed.”

“ *Remember,*” said she, in a solemn tone, “ you promise before your God. *Live* then, dear Lewis, struggle against unavailing grief, live, and be reconciled to your father—
and

and friends ; quit the service you have entered into, and live to do your duty to God and man ; so shall we be pardoned for our disobedience and rashness, and meet in the blessed regions above. May the Almighty strengthen and comfort you. May he bless you, and these good, these hospitable best of creatures, with peace and happiness in this life, and everlasting felicity in the world to come ! Now leave me to my last duties ; commend me to my parents ; my last breath implores their forgiveness, and blesses them for all their goodness ! ”

Here the maiden ceased from speaking, and the young man was seized with violent convulsions, that greatly troubled and agitated the dying victim. He was carried to another chamber, and recovered only just as the tender maiden breathed her last sigh, and departed in peace to the bosom of Abraham ! There she will one day be re-united to her lover ; there all the idle vanities of distinction ceases ; there the good and humble enjoy

joy everlasting rest, and the rich and titled man will find his vaunted pre-eminence of no avail without faith and good works!

Long and severe was the struggle between life and death, which the unhappy man endured ; nor could he at first be brought to take any medicine or nourishment ; but the admonitions of Jacob and Sarah, and the recollection of the vow he had made to the departed maiden, at length prevailed. He recovered slowly. The body of the young woman was placed in the burial ground of Jacob's forefathers. He visited the awful spot, and they thought would have expired on the ground. Some days after they persuaded him to change the scene ; they besought him to sojourn with us for a time. He complied ; he came here at the very time that dwelling opposite was to be sold, and Abraham intending to purchase it ; he liked the situation, and requested he might be the owner of it when his remittances came from France. We complied, and he rested

rested with us. He had written to his own friends, and to Theresa's. He had resigned his birthright to his brother, on consideration of receiving a stipulated sum of money, absolutely refusing ever to return again to France. His friends complied, the money was remitted, he bought the farm, and about six weeks ago, the remains of his loved maiden were brought here, and interred in the bottom of his garden, where he is raising a monument, forgetful that, in these times of trouble, his property may chance to be destroyed, and himself a prisoner. I have tired thee (concluded Rebecca) with this long story, but I love the man, and to-morrow thou shalt accompany me there. My family he receives with brotherly kindness, and none but the dwellers in my house are permitted to enter his. Joseph, who assisted in bringing thee from the field of blood, sojourns with him, therefore thou wilt be no stranger, and he is the friend of all that are grieved and oppressed." Ending these words, the amiable Quaker arose, "Thou art silent
and

and fatigued (said she) and it is time to return."

Biddulph, who had been much moved and interested by the story of those unfortunate lovers, now thanked her warmly for the communication, and lamented their fate with great feeling.

"I knew thou wouldst pity them (returned she) for thou appearest to have sensibility. Sarah kindly put on paper all the particulars I have related, and conveyed them to me; the contents dwell in my memory, and compassion is engraven on my heart." Commenting on this story brought them to the farm, and Biddulph longed most impatiently for the following day, when he was to see the melancholy man.

C H A P. XI.

THE next day, at an early hour, Rebecca and Abraham, leaving their children to the care of a servant, attended Biddulph to the 'Cottage,' the name Mr. Routier had given to his little dwelling. The door was opened by Joseph, who expressed great joy at seeing the latter. His master, he said, was in the orchard, whither Abraham followed to prepare him for the introduction of Mr. Biddulph. They soon returned together, and mutual civilities took place. Misfortunes create sympathy; Mr. Biddulph was already prepared to esteem Mr. Routier; the

the loss he had sustained in his loved Theresa was but too similar to his own irreparable one, with this difference, that the former had nothing, he thought, to reproach himself with, whilst *he* had always a corroding care at his heart from the recollection of his transient attachment to Lady Burley, which, he conceived, had deeply wounded his lamented wife. Already prepared to pity and esteem him when Abraham introduced Mr. Routier, both Gentlemen felt a powerful attraction to each other; but in the noble interesting countenance of the latter, Mr. Biddulph saw a mind congenial with his own, generous, frank, and friendly. The deep melancholy that pervaded his features impressed him with respect and compassion, and when he took him by the hand, his heart challenged him as a brother. The esteem was reciprocal, and the good Quakers enjoyed the supreme delight of being instrumental in procuring pleasure to both. No conversation, either particular or interesting, took place at this first visit; but Mr. Routier found

found so much gratification in the company of a man, whose looks bespoke a feeling heart, and a serious mind, that he pressed the renewal of the favour the next day, to take some soup with him. This invitation was readily accepted, and they parted mutually pleased with each other.

“ Did I not feel myself particularly circumstanced, (said Biddulph to the friends, as they were returning to the farm :) Did I not consider it as a point of honour in my situation not to give up my station in the army, after having been honoured with the approbation of the Commanders ; I should most certainly wish to fix in this neighbourhood, to have a house in this enchanting Valley.”

“ Alas ! friend (replied Rebecca) thy wish might procure thee but little content, if thou *couldst* gratify it ; for are we not daily exposed to the depredations of the enemy ? Hitherto we have lived quiet and respected ; but as the tumult of war increases, when mutual
enmity

enmity rages, and soldiers are let loose to plunder, thou knowest they are no respecters of persons, and it availeth little to be peaceable and virtuous in such perilous times. Thou art best acquainted with the nature of thy engagements; but the trade of blood is contrary to the Divine Command which assuredly supersedes all others."

" True (answered Biddulph;) but in this world a man must pay attention to general prejudices, and I dare not incur the censure which would follow giving up a voluntary offer."

" Thee knowest best (said Abraham) and though religion, charity, and a regard for thee, maketh Rebecca speak, we do not urge thee to do any thing against thy conscience, or duty to others."

Biddulph was charmed with the kindness, and purity of heart and manners, so visible in these good creatures, and breathed a silent wish that peace might soon be restored, and their
happiness

happiness be uninterrupted, resolved within himself, that should that desirable event take place, he would fix his future residence near this delightful spot.

The next day he prepared to visit the 'Cottage' without the good Quakers, who were busy in their domestic employments, and rejoiced that he had found a companion more suitable to his years. On his arrival over the woody hill, he met Mr. Routier at the little arbour, who was walking near the spot in expectation of his guest. They were mutually pleased at meeting, and the day being uncommonly fine they seated themselves, and viewed the beautiful tranquil scene that presented itself with equal satisfaction. "I have never beheld any place more romantically lovely (said Biddulph) than this Vale!"

"The situation is indeed charming! (replied Routier) but a mind diseased can find little pleasure in local circumstances or places.

Abraham

Abraham told me you was no stranger to my story, if so, you will readily conceive my soul is but little attuned to feel delight from these picturesque views, or the harmony of the feathered choristers. Time only can render me sensible to either; at present recent afflictions so occupy my mind, that I walk for hours on the surrounding hills, scarcely conscious where I am, or of the objects near me!"

"I can too readily conceive that heavy misfortunes clinging to the mind, deaden all sense of pleasure (said Mr. Biddulph) yet, my dear Sir, it is necessary sometimes to step out of ourselves, and remember, that an indulgence of sorrow, which seems to gratify our feelings, is in fact a reflection on Divine Providence, who has ordained every thing. I am a fellow sufferer in the school of adversity, and when you know my story, you will find that few men are exempted from trouble, and that, however bitter our own misfortunes are, there are thousands in the world

world whose apparent situations may seem enviable to us, but who suffer agonizing afflictions from a multitude of causes imperious to casual observers."

"It may be so (answered Routier) but that knowledge cannot restore peace to *us*, nor heal *our* wounds; on the contrary, if we have philanthropy and humanity, we must feel additional pangs for others. You, Sir, I understand, are engaged *against* the Americans; I have fought; I, and one dearer than myself, have bled for them; we hold different opinions of course: I think them an oppressed people, whose equal claims to the general rights of mankind, Liberty and Free-will, are oppressively infringed by the English, and consequently that every generous nation ought to support the one, and oppose the other."

"You will pardon me, Sir (replied Bidulph) if I cannot avoid thinking these sentiments are rather peculiar in a Frenchman, whose

whose general opinions, if we may judge from facts, are passive and unconditional obedience to their Kings."

" There are doubtless many things erroneous in all governments (said Routier) and we often submit to established customs, when contrary to our reason and principles ; reformations and innovations, on decided plans fixed, and followed up, perhaps, for centuries, are seldom undertaken with good effect ; it is so difficult not to step beyond the boundaries of prudence and reason, so difficult to reform without confusion and anarchy, that we tacitly, at least, concur in measures we disapprove, and submit to impositions we have not courage to oppose, from a dread of consequences still more obnoxious than the government we dislike. Power may be stretched too far, your nation *lorded* it over America, she was at last roused to a sense of feeling the heavy rod, yet remonstrated only, and *implored* more indulgence ; her supplications were treated with scorn and in-

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dignity, an army was sent to reduce them to 'unconditional obedience,' in other words, to make them slaves; they revolted against the tyranny, and the consequence is an effusion of blood, a determined hatred, and an universal combination against the English power. Heaven only knows what may be the event, but it appears to me, from an investigation of their situation, that their resources are inexhaustible; nor is it at all improbable but other nations may assist *them*, from a jealousy of the English superiority in those seas."

"It is very possible (replied Biddulph) and, I fear, this war will be of long duration. I have no enmity to the Americans; but I think it the duty of an English subject to support the measures of his King and Country, at least till he is convinced they go too far. This war has never met my decided approbation, and, I hope, a very short time will convince these people, their natural friends must be the English. I hope I shall see peace
re-established

re-established on the firm basis of love and confidence. Surely their mutual interest, their commercial connexions, will soon convince both, that to destroy each other must weaken both states, and throw all the advantages of trade into the hands of other powers; but if these considerations do not *soon* produce a change in the present system of things, I fear, as I before observed, that there will not be a speedy termination of the disputes, which every day are aggravated on both sides."

"Do you intend returning to the army?" asked Routier.

"I do (answered Biddulph) very shortly; I cannot bear an inactive life; I wish to fly from myself; I have no family connexions I value, no favourite pursuits that can give me pleasure, nor any ties to withhold me from danger or death. Without any considerations, therefore, to impede my road to glory, but such as humanity may impose,

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whose

whose laws, I hope, in the midst of battle, I shall ever remember, I freely offer my life, as subservient to my Country and King”

“ And I, I frankly confess (returned Routier) would oppose both, were I not restricted by commands ever sacred, ever dear to me.

“ But come, enough on this subject, let us walk to the house. They now entered the ‘cottage,’ where every thing bore the mark of regularity and neatness. One maid servant and Joseph were all the attendants; a parlour, kitchen, with offices on the ground-floor, with a drawing-room and three bedrooms, composed the whole of this pretty house, fitted up and furnished quite in the simple cottage style. Their dinner was, correspondent to the appearance of the house, a good soup and bouillie, with a roast chicken, a salad, and a pudding, was served up in proper order.

After

After their repast, Mr. Routier asked his guest to walk into his orchard, which was plentifully supplied with apples of the best kinds. At the bottom was a new erected building of one room. "This repository of my happiness (said he to Biddulph) has been only five days completed; here I shall spend my happiest hours, here forget the world and all its cares, and should the chance of war plunder my house, they will not, I trust, violate the dead; let them leave me this little room, and I can wish for nothing more."

Having unlocked the door, they entered a small apartment, about twelve feet square, in the centre of which stood, on a pedestal of black marble, an urn of white marble, supported by weeping cupids, whose arrows lay broken on the pedestal. This inscription was engraven on the urn:

"Sacred to virtue and constancy.

"To the memory of Theresa,

"In a little while we shall meet,

"To part no more!"

A small bookcase filled with books, a writing table, a large arm chair, with two stools, completed the furniture of this room ; vases filled with ever-greens surrounded the pedestal, and also the outside of the building.

“ Here (cried Mr. Routier, in an agitated voice) here rests the body of Theresa, whose mind would have done honour to a Princess, whose virtues are engraven on my heart, and to the contemplation of whose love and constancy I dedicate the remainder of my days!”

With an air of solemn sorrow he clasped his hands together, and turning aside, the big drops rolling down his cheeks : “ Yes, fainted maid ! (exclaimed he) here thy Lewis will learn to die !”

Mr. Biddulph was greatly affected, and for some moments unable to speak ; his own wounds bled afresh, and the thought crossed him : “ Ah ! how happy, if I too could here be shut out from the world !”

Those

“ Those stools (said Mr. Routier, pointing to them, and trying to recover himself) those stools I placed there with a view to accommodate our good friends, Abraham and Rebecca, the only society I shall ever admit, unless it should be a child of misfortune. Should any such ever find their way to this Vale, my arms, my heart, is open to receive them; I will cherish the afflicted, I will, to the best of my abilities, relieve the oppressed; but the rich and happy can never enter here, it is the sacred asylum of the wretched!”

Mr. Biddulph attempted to speak, the words died on his tongue.

Routier saw his emotions, and taking his arm, led him out into the orchard, having locked his treasury: “ You are a man of feeling (said he;) you have felt sorrows I know by your sensibility. Alas! the observation is too just; those only that have *experienced* wretchedness can deeply feel for the woes of others. Misfortunes humanize

the mind, prosperity too generally hardens and corrupts it; ought we not then to welcome affliction, if it enlarges our charity, and shields us from the evils of prosperous life?"

"The lesson is a painful one (replied Biddulph, with a sigh) and a severe satire on the selfishness of human nature; but if you please we will return to the house; I will communicate to you my melancholy story, you will then learn there are superior woes to what you have known, there is comparative wretchedness as well as comparative happiness; to the dispensations of Providence it is our duty to be resigned, and all the woes we can suffer admit of alleviation, when we can look back without the condemnation of our own hearts."

They returned in silence to the house, and after they were seated, Mr. Biddulph entered upon the story of his misfortunes. At the conclusion he added, "You see, my dear Sir, that the credulity of youth occasioned my

my first act of folly, which led to all my subsequent troubles in pecuniary affairs. The same thoughtless conduct made me neglect the insurance of my property, and threw me into a situation that led to my acquaintance in Lord Burley's family, where I encountered every vexation and trouble I deserved to meet with, could I have suffered alone; when you consider the early prospects of my life, now so very circumscribed, when you reflect on the dreadful accident which destroyed my poor infant, and the irreparable loss of the most amiable and best of wives, whose premature death, I have reason to fear, added to her grief for the fate of her child, was hastened by her knowledge of that connexion, for which I shall ever reproach and detest myself; when you weigh all these circumstances together, can you hesitate to pronounce me more wretched than yourself? But *I* seek in an active life to turn the current of my sorrows, whilst *you* indulge in a misanthropy that throws a gloom over your

H. 5

mind,

mind, and can never benefit your fellow-creatures."

"We must be allowed to judge for ourselves, said Mr. Routier.) I own your troubles have been exceedingly great; but their magnitude cannot lessen the sense I entertain of mine. I never was of an active disposition; the quiet retired life was ever my preferable wish; despair and a sudden impulse drove me to America. Who can resist their fate? Here I met the completion of my miseries, and here they shall terminate. I am no misanthrope; I shall court the society of the good Quakers, and do all the good I can to the unfortunate of their recommendation. An intimacy with such hearts as theirs is worth a thousand acquaintances in the frivolous world, which I for ever renounce."

As he pronounced these last words, in a decisive tone, Mr. Biddulph ceased to urge the matter any farther. He told him, "It was his intention to join the army within
two

two days, and if things terminated agreeably to his wishes, he knew not a spot upon earth that he should prefer for a residence to that Vale, nor any society preferable to what that neighbourhood afforded."

At parting, Mr. Biddulph promised to spend the following day with him. On his return to the farm, he acquainted the '*friends*, (how few deserve a name so respectable!) of his resolution to rejoin the army; they appeared very sorrowful.

"We have begun to like thee (said Rebecca) and grieve that thou canst not leave the paths of blood to settle in the bosom of peace. We will pray for thee, and hope the Lord will enlighten thy mind, and teach thee the way to tranquillity and Christian charity."

"Yea (added Abraham) we will pray that thou mayest become one of the faithful, and leave off the trade of war."

“ I thank you most cordially, my dear friends, and I will hope that I shall one day be permitted to visit you again in happier circumstances ; but we will not sadden our thoughts now, I have yet two days of happiness to enjoy ; the rest we must leave to Providence.”

CHAP.

C H A P. XII.

THE following day Biddulph spent with Mr. Routier; congenial minds and mutual misfortunes made them dear to each other, although their acquaintance was so recent, and they agreed to correspond, if it could be done without incurring suspicion and danger to either. They parted with much regret; but when the hour came for taking leave of the good Samaritans, the hospitable Quakers, Biddulph felt it a very painful task, for kindness like theirs, no expressions could be found adequate to his sense of them; pecuniary

niary returns they utterly disclaimed ; ' they had only performed a duty.'

" My dear preservers (cried he) I feel that I cannot thank you as I ought ; your own conscience must reward you, and Heaven will bless you for your charity and tender compassion. I trust, I earnestly hope, we shall meet again."

" The Lord grant it (answered Rebecca) thou wilt have our good wishes wheresoever thou goest, and if thou thinkest we have been kind unto thee, remember thou art going against our country and friends ; in the day of battle, when thou pursuest what thee believest to be thy duty, spare our brethren, and shed not unnecessary blood. Be good to *others*, as we have befriended *thee*."

" I will, I will (cried Biddulph, much agitated.) May Heaven bless me, as I remember you, and observe your admonitions !"

They

They parted with great emotion and mutual tears, for they loved and respected each other, though of different principles; but they had enlarged hearts, and disclaimed the narrow prejudices of education, which is apt to confine goodness and merit to one persuasion only, forgetful that one Being formed us all, and that in his sight all are equal who obey *his* laws.

Mr. Biddulph, having quitted his preservers, joined the army again at Sandy-Hook. He was welcomed as one risen from the dead, and received the thanks of his Commanders for his gallant behaviour on the last day of battle, since which nothing of consequence had taken place, and they were now busily preparing to sail up the Chesapeak-Bay, on an expedition, as it was conjectured, against Philadelphia. The voyage was a tedious one, and they suffered great inconvenience from the excessive heat of the climate. At length they got up to the river Elk, and landed. The General left part of the army
to

to guard the stores, and then marched into the country. They continued their march, notwithstanding the efforts of General Washington to impede their progress, by posting detached parties in the woods to harraß them. They at length succeeded, and, having passed Brandy-Wine Creek, a general engagement took place between the British troops and the Provincials, in the event of which the latter were entirely routed, and only saved by flight and the darkness of the night from total destruction. General Washington retired towards Philadelphia, and it was determined, after resting one day to refresh the troops, that the British army should follow them.

The next morning after the engagement, in which Mr. Biddulph took no inconsiderable share, he walked out to the field of battle, surveying the melancholy scene around him, when officers, soldiers, friends and foes, lay all undistinguished together, all extended on the earth. Musing on the sudden transition

tion from life to death, his attention was instantly caught by a feeble voice, "Save me, take me hence," was all he heard; nor could he directly distinguish from whence the sound came.

"Speak again (he cried) where are you?"

A faint reply of "*Here*" directed him a little way to the right, where three men lay across each other, apparently dead. Viewing them more closely, he perceived the under man had his eyes open, and attempted to move the one hand which was at liberty. With some difficulty Biddulph cleared him from the two who lay dead across him, and dragging him on one side, took out some salts, which he always carried about him, in the hope of reviving him; but his strength and spirits were so entirely exhausted by the bleeding of his wounds, that life scarce trembled on his lips. He made an effort to speak.

"I

“ I thank you, but it is all over—I am dying—the victory is your’s. If you ever enter Philadelphia, if you ever have power, convey this ring (a diamond one on his finger) this picture (pointing to his neck) to Miss Franklyn; tell (here his voice grew weaker, his tongue trembled) tell her (said he, struggling for speech) I die her’s, a man of ——.” He could utter no more; he gasped two or three times, and expired!

“ Great God! (exclaimed Biddulph) what scenes are these! Why, why did I ever join in an undertaking so wounding to every feeling of humanity! Unhappy man! thou art cut off from expected happiness perhaps, and the original of this copy (untying the picture, and looking on the representation of a very beautiful young woman) this amiable young creature is doomed to hopeless anguish and heart-felt sorrow!”

He had scarcely secured the picture and ring, before he saw persons coming to the
field

field of battle to bury the dead ; he quitted the spot, therefore, with an oppressed and an irresolute mind. The several incidents he had met with, and the various stories he had heard of the many dreadful occurrences in the course of this unhappy war, on reflection, almost determined him to relinquish his station in the army. Deeply meditating, he arrived at the camp, which he found all in motion for pursuing General Washington to Philadelphia. He had not time now to deliberate, being called upon to march immediately. The British army had suffered very little in the late battle, comparatively to the loss of the Americans ; but it greatly increased the reputation of the latter, from the firm and undaunted courage they had displayed during the engagement. Animated by the presence of a General, whom they loved and revered, they sought to distinguish themselves under the eye of a Washington, and to deserve his approbation, they fought like lions with the greatest intrepidity : But the fortune of the day was not in their favour ; they encountered

countered an army of discipline and equal courage, by whom they were subdued, and the night coming on, only preserved them from a general slaughter. The British troops, having rested some hours, with great spirits entered upon their march to Philadelphia.

Biddulph roused from the melancholy thoughts that had oppressed him, resumed his station: "This is not a time (thought he) when I can, with honour, withdraw myself from the army: I must wait until we have possession of Philadelphia." The army marched with all speed, and bore incredible fatigues without the least murmur or discontent. General Washington mean time arriving at Philadelphia, and apprehensive of being followed, sent several detached parties to harass the enemy. A considerable number were posted at the entrance of a deep forest, on the skirts of which were a few country houses, and through which the British army must pass. These troops attacked an advanced body of English and Hessians, and,

and, after a severe conflict, were entirely routed, and pursued with great slaughter.

This event determined General Washington not to risque a general battle at that time, and he withdrew from Philadelphia to Lancaster, a considerable distance. Previous to the evacuation of the city he was advised to destroy it. He shuddered at the proposal.—“What! (cried he, indignantly) would you have me *ruin my friends*, that I may injure my enemies? No, the English are generous; I confide in the honour and humanity of their General. The day of triumph is now with them—shortly it may be ours; and when I enter this city again, it shall be to receive the *congratulations* of the inhabitants, unmixed with reproaches for having destroyed their property myself, or having provoked the enemy to make reprisals to the ruin of individuals.”

In consequence of this resolution he quitted the city, the news of which being brought

to General Howe, he hastened his march, and, within a few days after, he entered with his whole army, and took possession of it in a very peaceable manner.

Two days after their entrance into Philadelphia, Biddulph recollected the melancholy charge he had received from the American officer in his last moments; the office was a painful one, but it was a duty, and as such not to be dispensed with. He inquired after Miss Franklyn, and was informed two young Ladies of that name resided with their mother, a respectable woman in the environs of the city. Their house was not difficult to be found, but he was at a loss to whom he should first address himself on his mournful errand. At length he conceived the mother would be the properest person. He arrived at a neat little white house, with extensive offices, and some ground beautifully laid out; the house itself was surrounded with ever-greens. On knocking at the door it was opened by a servant, whose countenance

nance bespoke trouble and sorrow, (Biddulph, from a delicate consideration, had put on a suit of black.)

“ Is your Lady at home ?” demanded he.

“ She is at home, Sir,” answered the man ; but very ill indeed, and incapable of seeing company.”

“ I am sorry to hear it,” returned Biddulph ; “ but I wish to see one of the family on particular business.”

“ If you please to walk into a parlour, Sir,” said the servant, “ I will acquaint Miss Harriot with what you say. Our eldest young Lady is very ill also, and sees nobody.”

Biddulph followed the servant into a small but elegant parlour, with a bow window, which had folding glass doors, that opened into a beautiful garden. He then retired to deliver the message, leaving the former considering

sidering in what manner he should open a commission so painful to the feelings of sensibility.

In a short time the door was opened, and a young Lady entered in mourning, whose appearance for a moment rendered Mr. Biddulph inattentive to every thing but herself.

“I am informed, Sir,” said she, in a low but very sweet voice, that you wish to see some one of the family on very particular business. My mother and sister are both exceedingly ill ; I am therefore ordered to attend you.”

Biddulph recovering from his surprise, answered — “A sacred command, Madam, brought me here, and will, I hope, apologize for the liberty I have taken in requesting to see you. The commission I am charged with is a melancholy one. I was in the late engagement at Brandy-Wine Creek.”

“Ah !”

“ Ah !” cried the young Lady, greatly agitated, “ you knew our dear lamented Ponsonby ?”

“ Not by name, Madam,” replied Biddulph, “ but chance conducted me to the field of battle, on the morning after the engagement, and I received the last sigh of a brave officer, who dying, pronounced the name of Miss Franklyn !”

“ O, it was Ponsonby !” exclaimed she, tears streaming from her eyes : “ Unfortunate man ! dear, unhappy sister ! Excuse me, Sir, pray go on, I am all impatience.”

He then repeated the circumstances before related, and produced the ring and picture. She took, and kissing them, “ Dear, precious relics of the sincerest affection, how fortunate the moment that afforded an opportunity of preserving them from the ravagers of the dead !”

"I thank you, Sir, most heartily" said she, "for your humanity and attention. The dreadful news arrived two days since, the consequences you may guess, from the illness of my mother and sister. His body was found, and committed to the earth; a son, a contracted husband, an affectionate brother, one of the worthiest of mankind, and our only protector. Such, Sir, is the loss we have sustained, and which has blighted all our hopes of happiness."

"And such," exclaimed Biddulph, "are the misfortunes of thousands, whom destructive war renders miserable for ever!"

She looked earnestly at him. "Pardon me, Sir," said she, in a hesitating voice, "are you in the Provincial service?"

"No, Madam," replied he, confused and agitated: "I, I have not the honour to bear any commission." He stopped.

She

She asked no more; but rising, "Will you have the goodness to excuse me, Sir? My dear friends will be impatient. My poor Charlotte's foreboding heart told her, the business related to Ponsonby; when she heard the message. Alas! what a renewal of sorrow! How deeply will the sight of these relics affect her! I dread the consequence, yet dare not deceive her."

"Will you have the goodness, Madam," asked Biddulph, taking his leave, "will you permit me the honour of inquiring to-morrow after the health of your family?"

"Most certainly, Sir," replied she, "and be thankful for your polite attention."

They parted, and with a variety of emotions to which they had both hitherto been entire strangers. Biddulph thought Miss Harriot Franklyn the most lovely young woman he had ever beheld, and the sorrow that pervaded her countenance, gave additi-

onal softness to a face beautiful and interesting. His sentiments in her favour surprised himself, and he returned to his quarters in a profound reverie. It has been already observed, that he was handsome and prepossessing; Miss Harriot certainly thought him so, and, though oppressed with grief, with an anxiety, on many accounts, which occupied her mind, she could not be insensible of his attractions, nor entirely abstracted from remarking his very fine figure, which, in the course of the day, she mentioned with admiration. Bid-dulph had very little rest that night, and eagerly watched the tardy hours in the morning until he might, with propriety, pay his respects to Miss Harriot.

C H A P. XIII.

AT the proper hour he knocked at Mrs. Franklyn's door, and being admitted sent up his name. The young Lady soon made her appearance, covered with blushes, she found it impossible to repress. After the customary compliments, he requested "to know how the Ladies did?"

"Ah, Sir!" said she, "my poor sister is very ill; she has had a wretched night, and her fever is very high. When I returned to her apartment yesterday, I found her greatly agitated.

"Harriot," cried she, "who is the stranger? What news has he brought? O tell me all; I know it relates to my Ponsonby. Unaccustomed to disguise the truth, and unable to frame a story (continued she) I reluctantly complied, and repeated the purport of your visit. Not a word escaped from her lips, not a sigh from her bosom. She heard me with a fixed look of horror, that shocked me extremely. I then delivered to her the picture and the ring. She viewed both stedfastly for a moment, returned the picture into my hand: "Keep it, wear it (said she, in a faint tremulous voice) in remembrance of two friends that loved *you* dearly."

She placed the ring on her finger: "Precious pledge (exclaimed she, kissing it) there remain for ever! And is *this* all, all that remains of my Ponsonby!" She instantly fell into a strong convulsion that held her for upwards of an hour, and almost threw me into a state of distraction, from the apprehension that my communication had caused
her

her death. Thank Heaven she recovered, but continued very ill all night, and this morning her fever is, I fear, increased. My mother is rather better ; her fortitude struggles with her disease, and knowing our happiness hangs on her life, she tries to subdue sorrow, and acquire strength. Such, Sir, is our present melancholy situation, which, I hope, may be deemed an excuse for the very short time I can be absent from my attendance on my beloved friends."

Mr. Biddulph arose—" Pardon my intrusion, Madam, which proceeds from a powerful interest I feel for the happiness of your family ; allow me the favour of calling daily to satisfy my anxiety ?"

" You are very kind, Sir," answered she. I hope there is no impropriety in accepting the favour you offer."

Biddulph then took his leave, more charmed than before with the captivating graces

of this young Lady, and extremely desirous of knowing the particular history of the family. On his return to his lodgings, he took an opportunity to ask the gentlewoman of the house if she knew Mrs. Franklyn?

“ Yes (answered she) and a better woman never lived, nor one who has experienced more trouble. As he appeared desirous to know particulars, she went on : “ Mr. Franklyn, Sir, was a very respectable merchant, his wife a gentlewoman, and esteemed by every one. They had four children, two sons and two daughters, the former growing up fine young men, the daughters as beautiful as they were good. This Mr. Franklyn was a partner in a great house in London, and with another in Holland. I don't know how it was myself, but the general opinion was, that these partners were not honest men ; they broke, and Mr. Franklyn was ruined ; nothing remained but his wife's fortune, or rather settlement, which was a hundred and fifty pounds a year, and the house
the

the old Lady now lives in, which was her father's. This was a sad blow, but it was followed by others still worse, for Mr. Franklyn sent his eldest son to England and Holland to see after the affairs there. Alas! Sir, the ship he went in sprung a leak, she foundered; some few were saved by getting off timely into a boat, and were taken up by a ship; but this unfortunate young man was among those that perished! When the news came to Philadelphia, I leave you to judge of the distress of the family. Mr. Franklyn never held up his head afterwards; this bitter stroke, added to the ruin of his circumstances, was more than he could support. He fell into a terrible melancholy, loss of rest and appetite, and soon followed his son to the grave, just about the time of the first disturbances between your country and America.

“ There was a very intimate friend of Mr. Franklyn's, a Mr. Ponsonby, who had two sons, the eldest a fine young man, and very fond

fond of Miss Charlotte Franklyn. The fathers approved of their good-liking towards each other, and intended in two or three years they should marry ; but so selfish is the world, that no sooner was the unfortunate family ruined, than Mr. Ponsonby wanted to break off the match, and forbid his son from visiting them. His mother was more generous, she still loved the family, she endeavoured to overcome the father's unjust prejudice against a declining fortune ; but the younger son counteracted her, and, from a wicked design of getting all his father's money, or of vexing his brother, he applauded the old Gentleman's prudence, and blamed his brother's perseverance. About this time the old Mr. Franklyn died, and within a few weeks afterwards Mr. Ponsonby followed him to the grave, cut off by the small-pox ; but being instigated by his younger son, the moment he knew of his distemper, he made his will, and being worth near twelve hundred pounds a year, he left his fortune equally between his two sons, on condition
that

that the eldest did not marry Miss Franklyn ; but that if he did, he was then to have only one hundred a year, and the rest all to go to the youngest son. Well, Sir, when this cruel will came to be known, Mrs. and Miss Franklyn would not see poor Mr. Ponsonby. He was distracted, and vowed he would not live without her ; but all was in vain, the young Lady shut herself up, and positively refused him. During this contention between them, the English troops arrived at Boston ; the young Mr. Franklyn offered his services ; the unhappy Mr. Ponsonby did the same ; they were accepted to fight for their country. Before they went away, the latter wrote to his mistress and her mother, renewing all his vows, declaring he never would marry any other woman, and that their cruelty had driven him to despair and death.

After the brave young men were gone, poor Miss Franklyn was miserable indeed ; and, in a very short time, the cruel, wicked brother had the impudence to offer himself

to her; so you see, Sir, what a designing fellow he was: But she refused, she hated and despised him; nor would she receive the addresses of any man. Mrs. Ponsonby sometimes went to see them, but in general they saw no company, and, with only a maid and man servant, they lived retired from the world on their little income, respected by every one. Alas! poor Ladies, more trouble awaited them: In the very first battle that happened between the English and our troops, poor young Franklyn was killed, and his friend desperately wounded.

When the news came here, the whole city lamented their fate, and for a long time the life of Mrs. Franklyn was in a doubtful state. To the affection and tender duty of her sweet daughters she is indebted for her recovery, though she has never enjoyed perfect health since.

After some time, when able to bear the journey, Mr. Ponsonby was brought home,
and

and as an event on which his life depended, he requested to be admitted to see Miss Franklyn. At such a time this could not be refused. They met, and mingled their tears together, and being now determined to give a proof of his unalterable love and resolution to marry only her, he had writings drawn, and made a formal renunciation of his share in the fortune of his father to his brother, with the reserve of only the one hundred a year allotted for him in case of an event not then even likely to happen.

This generous and unexampled proof of love conquered the hearts, and overcame the repugnance of Mrs. and Miss Franklyn, who bitterly deploring the loss of a son and brother, the former Lady, apprehensive that grief would soon undermine her constitution, and carry her a victim to the grave, thought it her duty no longer to oppose an affection so firmly rooted, nor to deny her children the happiness of a protector when she should be no more. Mrs. Ponsonby was equally
pleased ;

pleased; what fortune she possessed, she resolved should be her elder son's, and hoped to see him and his beloved Miss Franklyn happy, by joining her little income to theirs. Every thing was now settled, happiness once more began to dawn on the younger part of the families, and it was settled that, in a proper time, after Mr. Ponsonby was recovered, the nuptials should take place.

“ But surely (continued the good woman, lifting up her hands and eyes to Heaven) surely, Providence tries the virtuous by calamities, that they may be purified like pure gold, and by their disappointments in this world of cares, have their minds fitted to seek everlasting happiness in the world above.”

Scarcely was Mr. Ponsonby recovered, when his good mother died in a violent fever. This greatly grieved him, and put a stop to his marriage. She left her property, about three thousand pounds, equally between her son and Miss Franklyn, to shew her esteem
and

and love for both. Very soon after he was ordered to join his corps : This was a second death-stroke ; but he had too much honour, too much love for his country, to disobey.

Miss Franklyn, touched by his love and despair, offered to give him her hand privately, to quiet any apprehensions on his part, though the ratification of the marriage should not take place until his return ; but he was too generous to accept her offer for his own gratification ; he depended upon her truth. “ No ties (he said) could give him greater assurance than her word, her honour, so solemnly pledged.”

They parted with inexpressible agonies ; but they preferred their duty to their own happiness—good creatures—Alas ! how sorrowful the conclusion ! A few days since an account arrived that Mr. Ponsonby was killed, and the poor Ladies have been ill ever since ; nor should I wonder to hear of their death, for it is many months since he went

to

to the camp, and Miss Franklyn has drooped from that time, sadly foreboding, I believe, that he would follow her brother.

The younger daughter, Miss Harriot, who is about nineteen, and the sweetest creature sure that ever was seen, has long been the chief nurse and comforter of her mother and sister. She has had a sad time on't I am sure. The man servant, who has lived with them long before Mr. Franklyn's death, and is therefore much attached to the family, is distantly related to me; he comes here sometimes, and from him I learned all the particulars I have related, and which indeed are generally known in the city, where Mr. Ponsonby's wicked brother is so much hated, that he disposed of his property here, and is gone, since the death of his mother, to live at Pennsylvania.

"This, Sir (concluded she), is the history of Mrs. Franklyn and her family, and I am sure you will think they have been severe sufferers

sufferers by the cruel war your nation has involved us in."

Mr. Biddulph had nothing to reply to this observation; the retaliation of miseries, which many hundreds of families in his own country suffered, was a poor plea, when he considered who first took up arms: On this subject therefore he was silent; but his heart bled for the distress of the truly unfortunate Miss Franklyn, and felt greater interest in the happiness of her lovely sister. He impatiently waited for the hour when he could make his appearance at the house of sorrow; but when he approached it, he observed the windows were not opened, and that the knocker was tied up; his heart beat as he held it in his hand. "Ah!" thought he, "Miss Franklyn is, I fear, in danger."

He knocked softly; the servant instantly appeared, before Biddulph could speak: — "Sir," said the man respectfully, "Miss Harriot gave me orders to inform you, that
her

her sister is dangerously ill; she cannot leave her, but is much obliged for your attention, and hopes you will excuse her not receiving your visit at this time."

"Be so good, friend," returned he, "to make my best compliments, and tell the Ladies I shall be very happy if they can put it in my power to render them any services, and sincerely feel for their present distress. I lodge at Mrs. Nelson's, (your relation) and if you can convey me any information relative to your Ladies, as to their health and situation, I will amply reward you."

The servant looked at him with surprise, bowed, but made no reply.

Biddulph walked from the door greatly oppressed, and instead of returning into the city, took a solitary ramble towards a wood, at a little distance from it. He was going on deeply musing, and rather entangled by a thick underwood, when he heard the sound
of

of voices as if in private conversation; not knowing but he might be in some danger, if met by any vindictive Americans, he turned, as he thought, a different way, instead of which, getting into another track, he found himself suddenly much nearer to them; he concluded therefore he had better remain a few minutes where he was, supposing the persons, whoever they were, would soon walk away; but he was so situated that he could hear their conversation, though not always distinctly.

“ It appears to me (said a female voice) as a thing incredible that it should be him in this part of the world, after having married, and having enough to live decently upon, what should induce him to come over to America ?”

“ I know not (replied a man) unless he has spent his fortune, was tired of his wife, or, like a romantic fool, chose to fight for his country; but that it is Harry Biddulph that

that I saw yesterday coming out from Mrs. Franklyn's I can swear to, and as I have no desire to meet him here, nor you, I suppose, much inclination to view the dupe, I wish to have your advice, in what manner we may avoid it, or, if there is a possibility of making his appearance here, of use to ourselves."

The latter part of this speech was spoken as if they were walking on, and the sounds dying away, by taking a different path thro' the wood, Biddulph could not distinguish the words of the woman's reply. He followed them as he thought, lost in astonishment who the persons could be that knew him; for, though the tone of the voices seemed familiar, yet he could not recollect to whom they belonged. He came at length through the wood, but neither heard nor saw more of the persons who had so greatly excited his curiosity. He formed a thousand conjectures relative to them, and at length concluded it must be William Biddulph and his

his mother. He was so little known, even in his own country, and not at all in America, that it rendered it the most probable suggestion; besides the word 'dupe,' too painfully reminded him of the base fraud and advantage taken of his integrity and unsuspecting nature. The recollection of their baseness, and recent expressions, fired him with rage and indignation, he wished to meet and upbraid them; yet, when the first tumult of passion was a little abated, he began to consider, that persons of such vile principles were capable of any enormities, and that even his life might be endangered, if they suspected him of betraying them in this city. He returned to his lodgings extremely uneasy, both from the intelligence he had received at Mrs. Franklyn's, and the idea of being an inhabitant in the same place with those who had so deeply injured him, determined, however, that, should he discover they employed, or devised any machinations against him, he would no longer keep terms, or conceal the villany of such wretches, but

but expose them to the world as they deserved, since he had not now a dear wife, whose feelings must have been wounded by a knowledge of their wickedness, the consideration of which had heretofore kept him silent, and permitted them to enjoy their ill-gotten spoils. After some hours spent in reflecting, he asked his landlady if she knew any strangers in that city of the name of Biddulph? She replied in the negative. He then described their persons, and as near as he could guess the time of their arrival in America. Still she could give him no degree of information; but said, it was possible some of her neighbours might be better informed, and she would make an inquiry."

C H A P. XIV.

TOWARDS night, Biddulph grew extremely uneasy concerning Miss Franklyn, and was very desirous of procuring some intelligence. The good woman hearing his wishes, offered to go and call on Peter, the servant. He accepted the proffered civility with evident pleasure, and she went out for that purpose; but returned in a very short time, her looks clouded with sadness.

“ Ah ! my good Mrs. Nelson,” cried he, running to meet her, “ you alarm me ! For Heaven’s sake what’s the matter ? ”

“ O,

"O, dear Sir!" answered she, sitting down, her eyes filled with tears, "it is as I feared and expected, poor Miss Franklyn is dead!"

"Dead!" exclaimed Biddulph.

"Yes, indeed," went on Mrs. Nelson, "it is really so; I thought she had not strength to bear the loss of her dear Mr. Ponsonby, sweet woman! I hope they will be united in Heaven! O, what has not his cruel proud father to answer for? How will he meet them in Paradise, before the Great Father of all!"

The good woman might have gone on for hours; Biddulph was lost in thought; he was reflecting on the unfortunate lovers, and the distress of the lovely Harriot, and her respectable mother.

When he retired to rest, a variety of thoughts crowded into his brain, and impeded sleep.

sleep. William Biddulph and his mother gave him much uneasiness ; but what chiefly dwelt upon his mind was the Franklyn's. At first he supposed humanity alone gave birth to his anxiety for them ; he began to consider the nature of his sentiments towards Miss Harriot, and was surprised to discover a tenderness, an admiration he had never felt for any woman except his late beloved wife. Is it possible (thought he) that an interview, so transient as both my visits were, neither exceeding a half hour, can have inspired a preference so decided, and so much beyond what I should have supposed myself capable of feeling again for any woman ; is it possible that I can have conceived a passion for a Lady, whose mind and character I am ignorant of ? No, it *cannot* be. I surely mistake the nature of my feelings ; for though, in her expressive eyes, one may trace a mind of sensibility, though her affection for her sister, and the testimony of Mrs. Nelson speak much in her favour, yet it would be ridiculous to suppose my heart should have

selected her, on knowledge so slender, and on circumstances so little to be depended on.

“ No, no, I admire her it is true ; but my *affections*, *they* are buried in my Eliza’s grave.” Having, as he hoped, settled this point, he threw all his anxiety and restlessness on the score of meeting the Biddulph’s in America, and determined the following day to make every possible inquiry to trace them, as he grew every hour more convinced that it could be no other persons that knew him for a ‘ *dupe*.’

The next day, on his coming into the room to take his breakfast, Mrs. Nelson exclaimed, “ O, Sir ! Peter has been here this morning, and told me all about it. Dear me, I almost cried my eyes out. He said, the maid told him, that from the moment Miss Franklyn had Mr. Ponsonby’s ring, which the Gentleman (meaning you, Sir) had brought for her, from that hour she grew much worse ; that she refused to take any thing

thing but water, and all she uttered was, "Dear, generous man, we shall soon meet in Heaven;" and sometimes blessing her mother and sister, and begging they would forget her, and be happy in each other. — Yesterday it seems, a few hours before her death, they thought her better; she lay quiet, and with a sweet smile on her face. Poor Miss Harriot (who is almost worn to death with her attendance on her mother and sister) took her hand, and kissing it, said, "O, my dear Charlotte will live to comfort her declining parent! Miss Franklyn, they say, looked at her.

"Do not deceive yourself, my much-beloved Harriot; exert your fortitude, support our mother, for very soon all will be over with me!"

She talked a little more (Peter said he could not remember all he was told) and then desired to see her mother. The good Lady was brought in. He said, he heard it

was a most terrible scene between the three ; but the young Lady requesting they would be composed, and let her die in peace, they all joined in solemn prayer, and just as they had finished she expired, blessing both, and telling them to rejoice that she was happy."

The old Lady fell into a fainting fit, and was carried out of the room. Miss Harriot they thought would have died with her sister. In short, it was a very shocking business, and they never rested all night. This morning Mrs. Franklyn is very ill; Miss Harriot is with her ; she says nothing, but looks like a ghost, and has sent Peter for an old Lady, a friend of her mother's, to come and be with her, and direct things for her ; so he stepped in to tell me the melancholy tale."

Biddulph found, from the emotions of his heart, that he was deeply interested for this family, and resolved within himself to call in the course of the day, and inquire after the Ladies.

After

After breakfast he strolled into the streets, not without hopes of meeting William Biddulph, persuaded he must be the person he had met with in the wood; under this idea he carefully examined every face he met, but to no purpose, and having spent some hours in this fruitless search, he prepared to return, first calling at Mrs. Franklyn's door.

Peter, who opened it, told him, "His mistress was very ill; but, thank God, Miss Harriot kept up, though it was easy to see, poor young Lady! that she was cruelly grieved, and had hard work to bear all without sinking."

Biddulph left a card, and desired Peter to bring him frequent information as to their health, which the faithful fellow promised to do.

When he came to his lodgings, he found a message from his Colonel, desiring he would join quarters at German-Town, where the

main-body of the army lay. He felt a repugnance to obey this command, yet was unprepared to evade, or deny his attendance, consequently reluctantly acquiesced. On his arrival, he found some detachments were to be sent off into the country ; the draughts were made, but it happened that he was ordered to remain in German-Town. The following night a general alarm took place, in consequence of sudden intelligence that General Washington was close upon them with a large body of troops. The army was soon in motion, and gave the Americans a warm reception, who very unexpectedly found them prepared to dispute the conquest they had meditated. Both parties fought with undaunted courage and perseverance, and the battle continued some time with equal obstinacy and success ; but one of the detachments, which had been recalled, coming up fresh to the support of the British troops, the Provincials were compelled to give way, and were soon completely routed. They quitted the field in

in haste, and were pursued through the woods by parties of the English and Hessians.

Mr. Biddulph, who was in one of these parties, and had pursued the enemy a long way through the country (which being so much intersected by woods and enclosures, impeded their progress, and enabled the Americans to escape) was returning through the woods with a few men, when he observed a neat cottage among the trees, and two English soldiers standing at the door. He walked up to them, and immediately one of them cried out, "O, Sir! come here, here is a piteous sight indeed!"

Biddulph entered the cottage; on a bed lay a very old man at the point of death, a youth mortally wounded on the floor by his side, two soldiers endeavouring to bind up his wounds, he resisting their efforts to serve him. On the ground, at a little distance, sat two young girls, about fourteen and fifteen, whose disordered dress, wild looks, and

features impressed with grief and horror, too plainly indicated their wretched state ; a ferjeant and another soldier were trying to raise them.

“ Good Heavens !” exclaimed Biddulph excessively shocked, “ what means all this ?”

Before the soldiers could reply, the youth fixing his dying eyes on him, “ Whoever you are, if you have mercy, kill us all !”

At that moment the old man gave two heavy groans ; it was the last struggle of expiring life, and he moved no more ! The son who heard, who saw the cruel stroke, which separated the soul from the body, lifted up his eyes, as if in thankfulness to Heaven ; then speaking to the men, “ Cease (said he) your officious kindness, *I am* dying ; be merciful, and give death to those wretched girls (pointing to his sisters, who were still speechless) they *cannot, dare not* live !”

Biddulph,

Biddulph, who was overpowered by such a scene of distress, ordering the soldiers on one side, "Tell me (said he, taking the dying youth by the hand) tell me the cause of all this: Can nothing be done for you? Can I serve your unfortunate sisters?"

"No, (answered he, firmly) no, only death can relieve us. You seem to have humanity, but what evils have your country heaped on the innocent and unoffending! I was last night in the battle which terminated so fatally: I was obliged to fly with others equally unfortunate. I endeavoured to reach my father's house; he was old and decrepit: I wished to remove him, and these dear unhappy girls. I arrived here in the same moment that three of your troops, foreigners, savages, worse than the fiercest beasts, had entered this house, and beheld the two weeping daughters supporting their dying parent. Oh, God! that moment, never, never was such complicated wickedness! Regardless of the men, I flew to my expiring parent; he

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knew me, but could not speak ; the wretches, who had followed me, laid hold of my sisters."

At that instant as the young man spoke, one of the girls, who had appeared motionless, suddenly snatched a bayonet from the serjeant, and plunged it to her heart ! A cry of horror drew the youth's eyes to her ; he trembled—he stopped.—“ All is over (said one of the soldiers) the stroke was mortal !”

Two of them attempted to hold the other, who fell senseless on the body of her sister. The young man was convulsed with agony, and for a few moments life trembled on his lips ; but struggling to speak, “ My dear, beloved Anna could not bear the horrid story ; in a few words then let me add, that these brutes attempted the violation of the poor girls in the presence of a father and of a brother ! I flew upon the miscreants ; two of them cowardly stabbed me, and I fell to the earth, no longer able to defend them, in

the view of a dying miserable father, whose bitter groans and cries might have pierced a heart of adamant; before a brother disabled, whose prayers, tears, and curses, were equally unregarded, did those ferocious monsters violate the fainting, helpless victims, and then plundering the house of all its few, and *few indeed were its valuables then*, they quitted us with insulting mirth, and self-congratulations! I see the horrid story shocks *you*. These humane soldiers came here soon after, before the lost, unhappy girls, or myself, had recovered our senses; they kindly, as they intended, brought us to life; but the cruelly abused girls have never spoken one word. Thank Heaven, my father, my Anna is no more! And you, Sir, I charge you, as you will answer it to *your God*, I charge you, if that poor creature recovers, to place her in the hands of some respectable matron, or religious institution. Will you, dare you, promise to protect her?"

“ I will, I do (cried Biddulph, tears gushing from his eyes) and was about to add something more, when the young girl, who had been raised from the body of her sister, but lay in a senseless state, though alive, supported by one of the soldiers, was suddenly seized with a violent convulsion, attended with hiccups, that in a few minutes put an end to her existence.”

“ *Now* I am happy, *now* I shall die with pleasure,” exclaimed the youth, in an exulting tone. Heaven is merciful. Soon shall we all be united !!!” Seeing the soldiers looking with much concern on the two lovely, ill-treated victims. “ An awful lesson (said he) never forget it ; let the *brave* be *humane*; let the conqueror be merciful. You must all one day *die*, all appear to render an account of your *actions* to the *Supreme Being*.”

Exhausted by the fatigue of talking, agitated by witnessing the death of all his dear connexions (for nature will speak to the heart,

heart, though reason might exult at their departure from misery) the unhappy young man could not repress his emotions, which presently caused his wounds to bleed afresh, and in less than an hour relieved him from all his sorrows !”

The moment he had breathed his last, and whilst Biddulph was incapable of speaking, the soldier, who had supported the dead man, burst into tears: “By G—,” cried he, “sooner would I face a cannon than such a fight as this! If I knew who the villains were that had made such a work of ruin, I would hunt them through the world, and spill my last drop of blood to let out theirs, and revenge this unhappy family.”

Every one caught the enthusiasm, and vowed vengeance on the perpetrators of this atrocious wickedness. Biddulph seized the occasion to impress them with a strong sense of humanity, and a detestation of such crimes as must infallibly render them hateful in the eyes

eyes of mankind, and be for ever reprobated by Heaven. The honest soldier, whose feelings delighted him, he determined from that moment should be his servant and his friend. A heart like his was worth a million of proud, unfeeling spirits, who contemplate the miseries of humble life with apathy and cold indifference, because "no titles grace their birth, no riches blaze them into fame." He applauded their generous warmth, and proposed, as the last act of humanity, that they should inter the dead to prevent the bodies from being insulted.

This was instantly undertaken; the soldiers soon dug a grave large enough to contain the whole of this wretched family. — Clothed as they were, they wrapped them up decently in the coverings left on the bed, and committed them to the earth, to rise again in a blessed resurrection. When these last duties were paid, silent and sorrowful they returned to German-Town; there Mr. Biddulph repeated to the officers the dreadful tale :

tale : All were extremely shocked, but as it was impossible to fix directly on the offenders, and impolitic to irritate those foreigners by a *general* censure, they were obliged to be silent, and permit the wretches to enjoy their ill-gotten spoils, and wait for the hour of retribution, which, sooner or later, never fails to overtake such atrocious crimes.

C H A P. XV.

EVERY thing being now quiet at the camp, Mr. Biddulph had permission to reside again in Philadelphia, where he was anxious to return, and receive intelligence concerning Miss Harriot Franklyn and her mother. Shocked and disgusted with the calamities of war, of which he had seen so many melancholy proofs, he determined to quit the service on the close of this campaign, when the troops were laid up into winter quarters, whether a peace establishment took place or not; but till then he thought honour forbid him from resigning

a situation he had so voluntarily chosen, and in which he might again be called forth into action. Influenced by these sentiments, he returned to Philadelphia, accompanied by Andrew, the humane soldier, who was charmed with his new master, and like him heartily sick of the present war, though he conceived it to be *his* duty to obey the commands of his King, and fight for the Country that gave him bread. Such ideas the offspring of an honest and ingenuous mind might dignify any station, and a proof, that nobility of birth is not always necessary to produce noble sentiments, or exalted actions.

Biddulph's first question to Mrs. Nelson was, "Had she heard of the Franklyn family?"

"Yes, indeed (replied she) I hear every day. Mrs. Franklyn is still very ill. Miss Harriot not much better. Mrs. Bailey, their friend, has a very melancholy time on it,

it. The poor young Lady is to be buried to-morrow, and then, it is to be hoped, they will endeavour to be more reconciled. Peter told Miss Harriot about you, Sir, and delivered your card. She said, "she was much obliged to you, but was unfit to see any company at present."

This intelligence afforded him as much satisfaction as he could reasonably expect, and his mind was again occupied by an earnest desire of finding out the Biddulph's: He described their persons, nearly as he remembered them, to Andrew, and bid him follow any one to their home, who bore any resemblance to the portraits he had drawn.

The day after the funeral of the unfortunate Miss Franklyn, Biddulph knocked at the door, which was opened by Peter. Having inquired after the Ladies, he left a card, and being informed they were yet in a very indifferent state of health, and worse spirits, he had but slender hopes of being admitted
for

for the present, if ever he should be permitted to visit there again ; for as he had no claims to expect that indulgence, and his first introduction had been attended with such melancholy circumstances, he was apprehensive that he should find himself excluded from that privilege, and the idea gave him a great deal of pain. In a deep musing he rambled again towards the wood, and having crossed through a path-way to a pretty considerable distance, among the opening of the trees, he perceived a very neat house tastily fitted up. He directed his steps towards it, and saw a woman, smartly dressed, watering some shrubs, which were planted round the white palings that surrounded the house. — As he approached, she looked at him, and discovered a very pleasing face. He bowed, and she returned the compliment. He saw also the figure of a man at the parlour window, who immediately withdrew ; as Bidulph walked slowly round the enclosure, the Lady seemed to have finished her task, and turned into the house. He was very desirous
of

of being taken notice of, as he was charmed with the neatness and elegance that appeared both in the dwelling and its mistress; but in this wish he was disappointed; the door was shut, and no one appeared. He lingered a little while on the spot, but fearing to be noticed as impertinently curious, he at length reluctantly turned to the path-way, and measured his steps back to his lodgings.

He inquired of Mrs. Nelson if she knew any thing of this house and its owners? She said, their names were Smith; the Gentleman was English, and had some time back married an American Lady of good fortune. As there was nothing in this information to interest him, he thought no further of the matter. Nothing particular occurred to him for upwards of a week; he constantly attended every day at Mrs. Franklyn's door, and left his card; that Lady still continued in a very declining state of health, and of course her daughter was neither well nor happy.

The

The tenth day, after his return from the camp, Biddulph, calling as usual on Peter, was unexpectedly and most agreeably surprised by an invitation to walk into the parlour. As he had no idea of such an indulgence, he was in a morning dress, in a dishabille; he hesitated for a moment, but so strong was his desire to see Miss Harriot, that it overcame his first repugnance, arising from his negligent appearance, and he followed the servant, who introduced him to an elderly Lady of a very stately air, and not the most pleasant countenance. He concluded this Lady was Mrs. Bailey, and although her figure and stiff manners were not very prepossessing, yet, as a friend to the family, he paid her the most respectful attention.

“ You will please to be seated, Sir; your perseverance, and inquiries after this family, *Miss Harriot thinks*, entitles you to an admission, which a stranger otherwise could have no claim to, in *my opinion*. I think, Sir, you brought those remembrances from Mr. Ponsonby,

sonby, which accelerated the death of Miss Franklyn?"

"I should be extremely sorry, Madam, (answered Biddulph, shocked and disgusted) to admit such an idea to my mind, though I cannot charge myself with any impropriety in fulfilling the commands of a dying man, and which I held a sacred duty?"

"And pray in what situation did you meet with poor Ponsonby?"

"Situation! Madam" repeated Biddulph, much confused.

"It is not very polite, Sir, to repeat my words," retorted she; "but I mean, where did you meet with him, and how did you become acquainted?"

Much hurt at these interrogatories, and the impertinent air that accompanied them, he rose in his temper a little, and replied, with

with some spirit, "I had not the honour of being acquainted with Mr. Ponsonby; my meeting with him was accidental."

"Indeed! Why, I thought he died in the field of battle?"

"He did so, Madam; there I received his last sigh."

"Were you then in the Provincial army? But no, that could not be, or you would not be here. Pray, Sir, pardon me, are you in a civil or a military capacity here?"

"In the military, Madam," replied he, indignantly.

"Good Heavens! then you fought against us; perhaps yourself wounded, or killed the poor young man, whose trinkets you brought here. Well, I never heard any thing like this."

Biddulph

Biddulph had risen from his chair in great warmth ; but that moment the door opened, and Miss Harriot entered. Her appearance calmed his rising passion : Nothing, indeed, could be more interesting than her figure ; she was of a good height, and elegantly formed, a very clear brunette, with a pair of expressive dark-grey eyes, delicate features, and a sweetness of countenance, that engaged both admiration and esteem ! The anxiety and sorrow she had for some time experienced, had thinned her person, and thrown a melancholy languor over a face that, however pale, was still extremely lovely."

Biddulph paid involuntary homage to this charming young woman, and she received his civilities with a modest respect. He apologized for the liberty he had taken in knocking daily at her door.

" My

“ My mother, Sir (said she, in a tremulous voice) ordered me to return you thanks for your politeness.”

“ Aye (cried Mrs. Bailey) politeness, indeed ! Why, you little think this Gentleman belongs to the English army, and fought against Mr. Ponsonby !” Harriot started with a look of terror.

“ The first part of your charge is true, Madam, and had my station been in that wing which engaged the main body of the Provincials, the latter assertion might have been *true also* ; but I was posted in a different part from where Mr. Ponsonby fell.”

“ And whose word have we for *this* ?” asked she, with a malicious air.

“ *Mine*, Madam,” answered he, with spirit, “ mine, a word never yet disputed : But had it been otherwise, I am persuaded, a generous mind would never have censured the

performance of a duty in which there could be no discrimination."

"Duty, indeed!" retorted she; "but it is dangerous speaking one's mind; you are masters here for *the present*."

"Dear Madam," said Harriot, in great emotion, "this conversation had better drop; we are certainly obliged to this Gentleman for his politeness, and difference in principle ought never to make us forget common civility."

Before she had finished the sentence, Mr. and Mrs. Edey were announced; two stiff, formal Quakers entered the room, quite erect, and with such repulsive looks, that Biddulph half resolved to leave the house; but considering the ill impression the lovely Harriot might entertain of him from the spiteful observations of Mrs. Bailey, he resumed his seat.

"Friend

" Friend Harriot (said Mrs. Edey) how dost thee do ? How is thy worthy mother ?"

" Friend Bailey, I am glad to see thee ; thou art very good to cleave unto the house of mourning : " Then glancing her eyes over Biddulph (who being in black, she supposed might some how be connected with the family) she nodded her head to him, with an air of dignified reserve : " Thou lookest poorly, (went she on, without waiting for Harriot's reply :) I heard thou hadst been closely confined with thy mother ; it has hurt thy health."

" Yet the damsel looketh very beautiful," said friend Edey, screwing up his mouth, and glancing an admiring eye.

" Thee dost wrong," retorted his helpmate, " to raise the maiden's vanity ; the outward form of woman signifieth little, it is the grace and spirit within that deserveth praise."

"True," said Mrs. Bailey, "I am of your opinion, Mrs. Edey; good sense and discretion is all that is valuable; a pretty baby-face and complexion is only skin deep, and generally conceals a foolish or a depraved mind."

"I beg your pardon," cried Biddulph, highly provoked; "the face is generally said to be 'the *index* of the mind;' and if I may be permitted to form a judgment from the company present, the observation has great truth in it."

"Thou art puffed up with vanity thyself, from a tolerable outside (said Mrs. Edey) and being one of these worldly flatterers, who seek to gratify the proud conceit of simple maidens, thou thinkest to delude our neighbour's daughter by thy supple tongue."

"As the Gentleman is a stranger, Madam, (observed Harriot) to whom my mother thinks herself indebted for his attentions, I
should

should be very sorry if he should be subjected to any unfavourable judgment for the common forms of civility towards females ; he can derive no satisfaction to himself by an attempt at imposition, and it is equally an affront to his honour, and my understanding, to believe it."

" Indeed !" cried Mrs. Bailey, pursing up her mouth, and figetting in her chair, " you are mighty sententious, Miss. I think your good friends are but little obliged to *your* civility."

Biddulph could contain himself no longer, rising and bowing very respectfully to Harriot, " That I feel-highly gratified, Madam, in being permitted to pay my respects to you, and much honoured by the candour and liberality of your sentiments, I hope you will do me the justice to believe, nor shall any action of my life cause you to regret your politeness. I hope to be indulged with

the permission of waiting on you in a happier hour."

Harriot bowed with an air of assent, that conveyed a secret transport to his heart, and turning to the company with a general, but slight, air of civility, he left the room, and, as the Poet observes, "his character behind him," which Mrs. Bailey began unmercifully to asperse. "A faucy fellow! I am amazed, Harriot, you will open your doors to him. I shall let your mother know he is an English homicide, that has been carrying blood and destruction before him; that he is our mortal enemy, and resides in Philadelphia as a conqueror and a spy."

"Dear Madam," cried Harriot, "spare yourself, and the absent; why this severity to a man who never injured you?"

"How! neighbour Harriot," said Mrs. Edey, "is he not a man of blood, a cruel, oppressive Englishman? Has he not assisted
in

in overcoming our brethren, and taken an unjust possession of this city? And dost thee not join in reprobating a common enemy?"

"No (replied she) I reprobate no one; all men have a right to judge for themselves. We must submit to events we cannot controul, and if, in his present situation, Mr. Bidulph behaves with propriety, he is entitled to our consideration and respect."

"Was ever the like heard? (exclaimed her angry opponent.) What will this world come to, when girls, just from their nursery, presume to judge for themselves, and impertinently dictate to others! None but a forward minx would encourage a man who is an enemy to her country."

"Neighbour Bailey, thou art too warm. Friend Harriot, thou speakest too freely (said Mrs. Edey;) it becometh not a young maiden to throw her eyes upon the men, nor to

be pert to her elders ; thou shouldst consider she is the friend of thy parent."

" I *do not* forget it, Madam," answered Harriot ; " as such Mrs. Bailey is entitled to my regard ; but I consider it also an indispensable duty to support the cause of an absent person, whose character may be unjustly aspersed ; indiscriminate censure is always invidious and cruel ; nor should difference in opinion or parties render us blind to merit, or insensible of civilities."

" O, the wonderful sagacity of a Miss just out of her leading strings !" cried Mrs. Bailey, with a look of contempt ; " but, however, child, I shall not waste my breath on you : I shall know of your mother if she tolerates such doings. I took notice of your looks ; I can see through such civilities — civilities which have been the death of your sister, almost killed your mother, and taught you to espouse the cause of a general enemy. Yes, yes, I shall give her my opinion."

" As

"As you please, Madam," replied Harriot, coolly; "to my mother's pleasure and directions I shall think it a duty to submit my own judgment; but to no other persons do I owe any such deference."

"I like thy spirit (said Mr. Edey) but thee ought not to be warm in favour of a young fellow; thee art a goodly maiden, and peradventure mayst become the chosen of one of the faithful; thou hast a comely person."

"Hold thy tongue, Reuben (cried his helpmate, in an angry tone.) Do not thou aid the work of Satan by making the maiden vain; thee seest she taketh pains to shew her person, and instead of sackcloth putteth on black, because it is becoming; such worldly vanities require reproof."

Sick of these impertinencies, Harriot rose from her chair: "My mother (said she) may want my attendance. Mrs. Bailey, you

will be so kind to entertain our friends. — Without staying for an answer, with a general salute, she quitted the room. Then every tongue, free from restraint, abused Biddulph, and censured Harriot; the Quaker and his wife had no motives, but a rooted dislike to an Englishman: But Mrs. Bailey was actuated by different considerations; she was a maiden at the age of sixty-four, and had spent the last forty years of her life in fruitless endeavours to charm some wealthy man, and change her condition; but as her fortune was very circumscribed, and her personal attractions still more so, she had vainly displayed all her powers, the ill-judging youth of her day, overlooked her stock of charms; vexation and disappointment working on a mind naturally disposed to fretfulness and malignity, gave her that fund of ill-nature, that envy against the young, the handsome, and rich, and that splenetic observation of the attentions of men towards her own sex, particularly if the latter had any attractions, that the whole business of her life was devoted

ted to schemes for undermining the happiness of lovers."

A family connexion had always preserved to her a reception in the house of Mr. Franklyn, whose hospitable table was a desirable indulgence, and large parties sometimes flattered her with an opportunity of obtaining her wishes of being selected as a partner for life by some wealthy merchant.

Blind to her deficiencies in personal charms, (and where is the woman that can *see them clearly*?) hope had led her on from day to day, until months and years passed away without the desideratum so anxiously sought for; the depredations of time stole the few graces from her person (if she ever had any) and soured her temper into an envious malignancy against all *young* women, and a hatred towards those ill-judging men who had slighted merit like her's, and even in her presence dared to carry their devoirs to youth and beauty.

Mrs. Franklyn, after the death of her husband, and the loss of her fortune, was obliged to circumscribe the circle of her acquaintance, a prudence which met with little opposition from her former *numerous friends*, when they could no longer hope to derive gratification to themselves by society and entertainments: Mrs. Bailey, however, still followed her to the retirement she had chosen, and still found it convenient to share in their narrowed domestic comforts; but not now as formerly awed by the superiority of fortune, and taking merit to herself in the "constancy of her attachment (Mrs. Franklyn being too good to discriminate into her selfish motives) she assumed a degree of consequence in the family that was quietly allowed to her; and from making herself frequently useful, was become a necessary auxiliary on all important occasions, was consulted on every emergency, and asserted the privilege of giving her advice and decided opinion, which was seldom or never contested, or departed from."

Entrusted

Entrusted with all these powers, Mrs. Bailey was the oracle of Mrs. Franklyn, and the designing woman took every mean advantage of her partiality. Her understanding was naturally strong; she received what may be called a masculine education from her father, who was a clergyman. She talked incessantly, was quite tiresome and boisterous in displaying her knowledge, affected a singularity of dress, and losing all hopes of being distinguished as a *charming* woman, was desirous of being esteemed a *character*, that she might obtain *notoriety* in some shape. To those she pretended to love, or on whom she had any particular views, she was fulsome and flattering to a disgusting degree; to others, who were not happy enough to fall under her selfish considerations, she was rude, impertinent, and overbearing. Such was the woman, who had by artifice acquired the friendship of Mrs. Franklyn, and the entire regulation of her family; and too many such are the busy-bodies of the day!

When

When Harriot left the room, she went immediately to her mother's chamber; weak and exceeding low as Mrs. Franklyn was, she saw, as her daughter drew near to the bed, that she looked ruffled and vexed. —
“What ails you, my dear girl? (said she, faintly) Have you heard any bad news? Can we have any more to suffer?”

“Pardon me, my dear mother,” (answered Harriot) if I appear to you disconcerted, I have heard nothing that can give you the least uneasiness; but, indeed, I am a little displeased with Mrs. Bailey. She has treated the English Gentleman, who has so often kindly inquired after your health, with very great rudeness. She has taken unjust prejudices against him, nor makes any allowance for local attachments, or a situation which education, and the commands of his parents, perhaps, may have forced upon him.”

“What

“What situation do you mean, child?”

“He is an English officer, I believe (replied Harriot;) but surely if that is an error, his heart may be good, though his judgment is wrong, and he certainly behaved with humanity to poor ——” She stopped, for she saw her mother was much agitated.

—“My dear child (said she) you are too warm; what is this young man to us that we should censure our best friend, who, from a long knowledge of the world, must be capable of reading characters with more justice and discernment, than your superficial acquaintance with the one or the other can entitle you to do. O, Harriot! guard against your too great susceptibility, a recent event should teach you a lesson of prudence; watch over your heart, and let reserve and decorum regulate all its motions.”

The young Lady, who saw with what pain her tender mother struggled to exert herself

herself in speaking, kissed her hand in great emotion : " Fear me not, my dearest mother (cried she) every movement of this heart shall submit to your directions ; your precepts and example shall guide every action of my life."

Tears on both sides accompanied these words, when the tender effusions were broken in upon by the entrance of Mrs. Bailey. — This spiteful woman, without any ceremony, began to blame Harriot in the most pointed manner, placed her behaviour to Mr. Bidulph, her innocent civility, her defence of his conduct, with the *spirited, rude* answers he had made to herself (when she only asked him a few *civil* and *natural* questions ;) in short, the whole conversation she set forth in a point of view so different from truth, and with so much malice and aggravation, that Mrs. Franklyn threw a sort of reproachful glance at her daughter, saying, " We have nothing to do with a man who presumes to insult our friends ; nor can you, Harriot, consistent

consistent with propriety, receive any more visits from a young man, with whose character and connexions you are unacquainted; I desire therefore he may not be admitted again."

Harriot, though extremely provoked at the invidious misrepresentation of facts by Mrs. Bailey, had a mind too candid and ingenuous not to allow the force of her mother's observation, and to be sensible that there was something indecorous in a young woman's admission of a stranger, when not sanctioned by the presence of her parent; she therefore calmly replied, "You shall certainly be obeyed, Madam; your request will shut the door against Mr. Biddulph; all I contended for, was the observance of common politeness to a person in our own house, and no premature judgment to his disadvantage, where he was utterly unknown."

"You are a good girl, Harriot," was all the answer Mrs. Franklyn returned, whilst a malicious

malicious triumphant smile played on the features of Mrs. Bailey, expressive of the joy she felt in carrying her point to the mortification of others; and *it was* a mortification to Harriot, for the delicacy of Biddulph's manners, and (why should we seek to deny it) the elegance of his form, had given impressions greatly in his favour, which all Mrs. Bailey's malice failed to extirpate, and therefore could not but occasion much concern, when she was no longer permitted to express that civility she thought him entitled to; yet, however repugnant to her inclinations, she hesitated not a moment to obey her mother, and that same evening Peter received orders not to admit Mr. Biddulph, an order as unpleasing to Peter as it was painful to his young mistress.

C H A P. XVI.

BIDDULPH, who had left Mrs. Franklyn's house, highly enraged at the impertinence of Mrs. Bailey, and not much pleased with the Quakers, whose unpleasant manners were a striking contrast to those of his benevolent friends, Abraham and Rebecca ; with increased admiration for Harriot, and the most ardent wish to obtain her esteem, he was not a little apprehensive that the woman, capable of making such invidious observations to his face, might be still more malignant when he was not present. The sentiments which he entertained for the lovely

lovely Harriot began seriously to alarm him; he took his heart to task, and, on a critical survey, was clearly convinced that love, a love even more fervent than ever he had at first entertained for his late wife, had taken possession of his whole soul. "How absurd the idea (exclaimed he) that we can love but once in our lives! My dear Eliza was amiable, good and affectionate. No man ever esteemed a woman more than I did her. She was the pride, the comfort of my life; she doated on me, alas! too much; for how did I requite her? how basely fall into the snares of an abandoned woman, and suffer her gentle heart to be torn with anguish? Her premature death overwhelmed me with sorrow, and I thought my heart was invulnerable to the charms of any other woman: But I feel my error, for at this moment I love the charming Harriot more passionately, and with more ardour, than I ever experienced before, and am well convinced, that on *her* rests my hopes of future happiness."

Ruminating

Ruminating on the measures he should take to obtain his wishes, he strolled into the wood, and insensibly followed the track which led to the house he had once before so much admired. On advancing towards it, he saw a young woman of an engaging countenance, though evidently marked with sorrow, a dress plain in the extreme, but perfectly neat, a young child in her arms, on one of which hung a small basket; with a slow step, and a melancholy look, she came forth from the house, shut the gate after her, looked up to the windows, where he saw the passing shadow of two figures, and, heaving a heart-felt sigh, turned into the wood on the right-hand from the path where Biddulph stood. There was something so touching in her appearance and manner, that he was tempted to follow her at a small distance, and was surprised to find that she struck into the most unfrequented part where the underwood impeded her walking, and made her progress rather difficult. Coming at length to a small opening, she seated herself on the stump of a tree, her

child

child by her side, and, opening her basket, took out some fragments of meat, gave a small piece of bread to the child, and attempted to eat something herself ; but at the very first mouthful she burst into tears, and threw it from her.

Biddulph, whose feelings were tremblingly alive to every object in distress, hastened towards her. She saw him, and hastily attempted to rise.

“ Fear not, Madam (cried he) I have no ill designs ; Heaven, perhaps, has sent me to your relief.” He was by her side in a moment.

Trembling, she resumed her seat, and looking up with an expression of grief, that greatly moved him : “ I am obliged to you, Sir ; *Heaven*, indeed, *only* can relieve me, and from thence I have no right to hope for it.”

Biddulph had now seated himself by the child, who appeared to be about two years old,

old, very lovely, but very emaciated. "You will pardon my intrusion, Madam (said he;) I confess I have followed you from the house in the wood; your appearance excited my curiosity; it is not an idle one, believe me: I wish to serve you."

Tears now flowed in torrents from her eyes; he was little less agitated; but taking the little girl in his arms, he began to caress her, to hide his own emotion, and to give its sorrowing mother time to recover herself.

After a short pause, "Do you live near this place," asked he; "for I think you may get cold by sitting here?"

"I do not live far off (answered she, with a deep sigh) but I am pretty well inured to cold, and being much fatigued, found myself obliged to rest here."

"Be

“ Be not offended (said Biddulph, in a soothing voice) if I confess that I am anxious to know the cause of this sorrow, which seems to weigh your spirits down, and has weakened your whole frame. I have experienced many painful vicissitudes in life ; am myself far from being happy, yet, perhaps, may have the power of serving you, at least I have the wish to do so.”

“ There are some melancholy situations in life (replied she) that admit of no relief; where there is self-reproach, there can never be peace from outward circumstances. You seem compassionate and humane ; prudence, perhaps, may condemn me for placing confidence in a stranger, but I can hazard little; for I have nothing to lose but your pity, and I should despise myself, if I sought to procure it by passing myself upon you in a false light.”

“ I am already prejudiced in your favour, (replied he) by your ingenuousness. Permit
me

me to carry your child, and attend you home."

She looked at him, for a moment hesitated, and seemed inclined, by the motion of her head, to refuse. He again urged his request, and rose from the ground with the child in his arms. She at length reluctantly assented, and, accepting his offered arm, feebly accompanied him through the wood, on the skirts of which stood three very small mean-looking cottages. One of these she entered; it contained only two rooms, and bore the marks of extreme poverty; there were three low stools, one of which seemed to be used as a table, and a very few trifling necessaries thinly scattered round the outside room. In the other stood a very indifferent bed, and two broken chairs. In this bed she placed the child, who had fallen asleep in Mr. Biddulph's arms, and then returning offered him one of the stools, whilst she seated herself on the other.

“ I have no accommodations, or refreshments, to offer you (said she :) I have long been a stranger to both, nor have I heard the soothing voice of compassion for a long, long time.”

Biddulph, exceedingly touched with the sadness of her tones, requested she would, without reserve, acquaint him with her situation, and be assured of his assistance to the utmost extent of his power. She bowed with a tearful eye, and began the following narrative.



END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.